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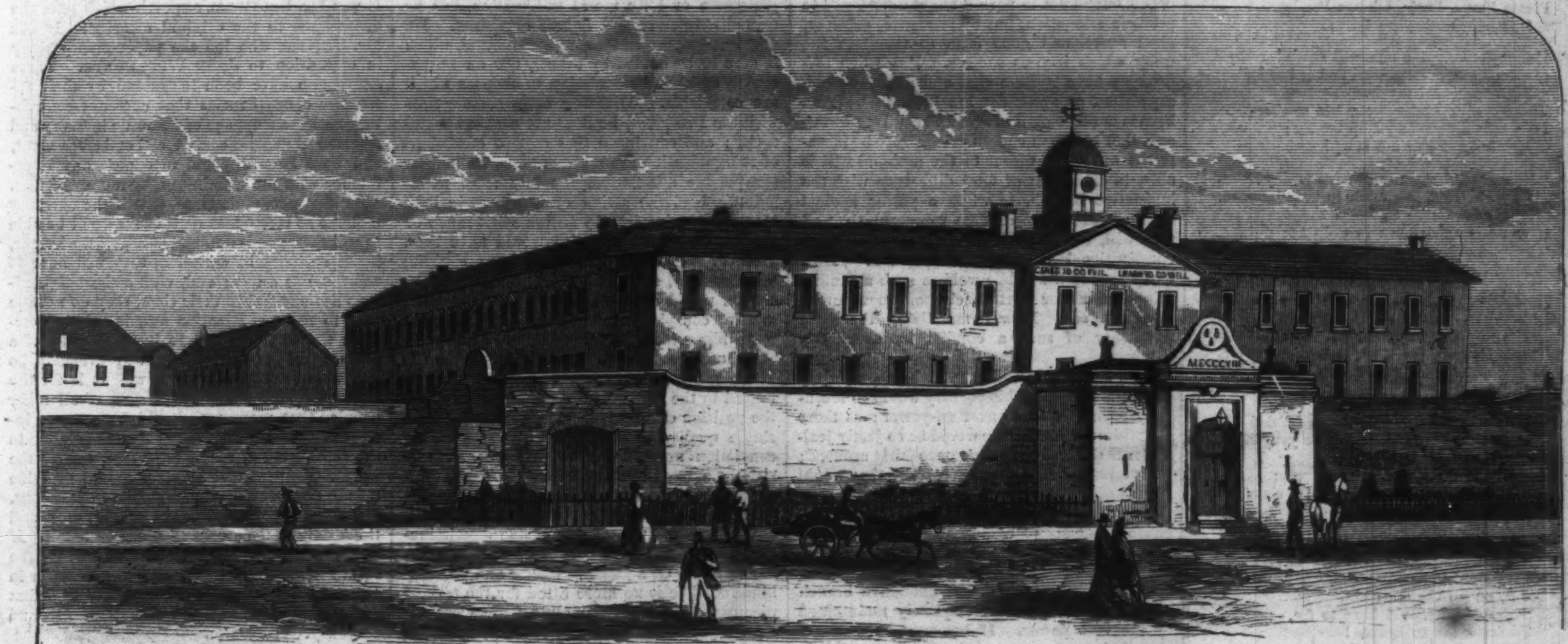
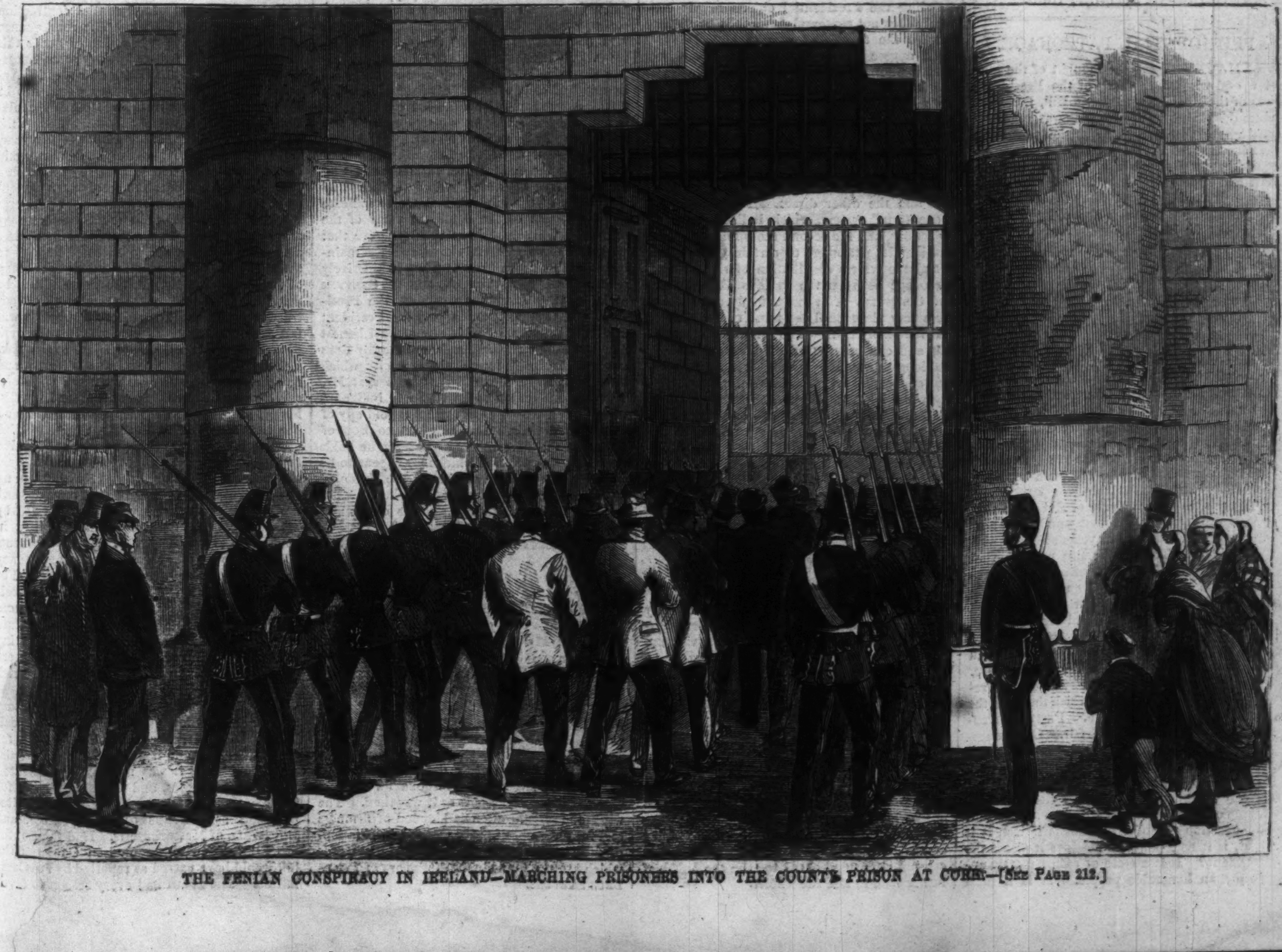

CEASE TO DO EVIL. LEARN TO DO WELL.
MDCCCVIII

RICHMOND BRIDEWELL, DUBLIN, FROM WHICH HEAD-CENTRE STEPHENS ESCAPED.



THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY IN IRELAND—MARCHING PRISONERS INTO THE COUNTY PRISON AT CORK.—[See Page 212.]

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

[EASTER SUNDAY.]

HAS any body heard the bell?
You have?—dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce—
The silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe!
Please, Lucie, try and hide it—
Just think, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
I can not wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet
(Though, to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses);
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day.
"And cross myself," pray did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now, Lucie, pray feel my waterfall—
Do you think it large? ain't it too small?
What bother these things give!
My rats and mice, do they sit straight?
Please hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie," as I live!

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset, and my hoop.)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucie, and help me fix;
You know I can not stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?
Here damp this ribbon in Cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be mulish.

Now then, my hat—how he abhors
This thing—it's big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar-scoop!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too,
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer. Luce, are you blind?
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion now, you know;
(Pray, does the paint and powder show
Through my loose veil?)

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed;
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to heaven!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

PRESIDENTIAL PATRONAGE.

WHATEVER may be thought of the general wisdom or policy of the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, there can be no doubt that one point of it was very suggestive, and that was his opposition to the further increase of Presidential patronage. Already that patronage is immense and alarming. If it had been enlarged by the addition of the control of the offices created by the bill in question, the President, with the old "Federal" offices, and the Internal Revenue appointments, and those of the new bureau, could have exercised a direct influence upon the elections which would have been not only dangerous for himself but demoralizing to the country. It was giving too much power to the Executive, as he justly objected. For although the country might willingly and gladly confide an almost absolute authority to an incorruptible, simple, sagacious, and purely patriotic man like **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**, it might tremble to know that any successor of his would inherit it. If **PIERCE** or **BUCHANAN** could have exercised, in addition to the prerogative they enjoyed, such power as Mr. **JOHNSON** declined in his veto of the Freedmen's Bill, the disastrous consequences would have been incalculable.

The perils of the increase of Executive patronage produced by the vast number of new offices created within a few years are now painfully evident. There is at this very time an adulation of the President which is unprecedented and humiliating, and an eager and obsequious anxiety for his favor which the high Tory party of any monarchical country would disdain to feel or to display. Candidates for State offices hurry to Washington to ascertain whether they are welcome at the White House. Office-holders think it necessary to offer to resign if they pursue a course which they fear the President may not approve. Party Conventions nervously speak him fair. Great questions of national policy are discussed not upon their merits but upon the probabilities of the Presidential smile. The newspapers wrangle fiercely whether the result of elections condemns or favors his supposed views. The central question of politics is not is it just, is it right, is it true policy, but—does it please the President? It is a state of affairs utterly unworthy an honorable people. It is a most alarming sign under a free Constitutional Government.

The excuse offered merely reveals more clearly the danger of the enormous patronage of which we speak. It is urged that, to differ with the President, is to run the risk of encountering the organized opposition of the army of office-holders, who, in other countries, are called the "creatures" of the Government. But when that is the controlling motive of public action the national demoralization is complete. Honesty, intelligence, capacity have then ceased to be the requirements of the public servants; every consideration is subordinated to the Presidential pleasure: the basest sycophancy is then the cardinal condition of political success, and the republic has already rotted into a lower empire.

Every party in a free government when it accedes to power naturally wishes to maintain harmony in all its parts. Believing its general policy to be essential to the national welfare, and understanding the necessity of amity between the legislative and executive powers to the success of that policy, each branch is honorably bound not to permit slight differences to produce alienation, but by prudence, sobriety, good sense, and good faith to maintain the unity which insures success. But when differences have become vital and irreconcilable, separation or surrender are inevitable. And here is another peril of great Executive patronage, that one man chosen primarily to be merely the executive officer of the national will is able, in the event of fatal difference with the legislative branch, to wield a power against the immediate and express representatives of that will, which no hereditary monarch in a constitutional country can exercise. How dangerous to the public welfare such a conflict might be under certain circumstances every man can see. How demoralizing the mere possibility of such a conflict is, every day shows.

Yet, as there is nothing which, when plainly seen, the people of this country would so scornfully repudiate as a one-man-power; as there is nothing of which they would be so justly jealous if their suspicions were once fairly aroused; and as, in the event of such a conflict, they would stand unitedly and irresistibly with their immediate representatives, every good citizen will strive earnestly to avoid the possibility of its occurrence by removing the temptation of beginning and the means of waging such a conflict. The authority of the executive branch of this Government is adequately maintained by the veto power. If, however, Congress is so unanimously persuaded of the expediency of a law that the President's reasons do not change its conviction, the Constitution contemplates, by the two-thirds provision, that the will of Congress shall become law, notwithstanding the Presidential objection. It certainly does not contemplate that the President, despite the two-thirds vote of both Houses, shall oppose the national will as expressed overwhelmingly by its representatives. Yet the enormous patronage of the Executive makes this possible; and such patronage, and the veto and the military and naval command combined, invest the President with a power so hugely disproportioned to any other in the Government that it can not be safely tolerated.

There are two obvious remedies; one indirect and the other direct. The first is the "one term" system, which is liable to many objections, and the second the limitation of the Presidential patronage to certain great offices—and the widest distribution of the mass of patronage between the various Departments and Congress. To some remedy of this kind for a very plain peril the mind of the country will inevitably turn. The reform will be radical, and can only be effected by a strenuous and long effort. It will be resisted by the party that opposes all progress, which worshiped slavery while it was trying to strike the nation to the heart, and which now resists equal rights. But like every other necessary and wholesome change, the good sense of the people will approve and adopt it. That good sense will recognize that the most appalling centralization is the concentration of controlling power in one man, and that office-holders are to be the servants and not the masters of the country.

CONGRESSIONAL LEADERSHIP.

AMONG the living statesmen of this country there is none who commands profounder popular confidence than **WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN**, Senator from Maine. Absolute integrity, a certain antique severity of character making him sometimes impatient and almost petulant in opposition to rhetoric and sentimentality, great sagacity, catholic comprehension, strict fidelity to the fundamental principles of the Government, and a singularly clear and concise oratory, are qualities which are apparent to every man who watches his career. No man surpasses him in that just estimate of practicability which is the test of statesmanship. The duty of a legislator is to know what is possible and to do it. It is to make six or eight, if you can not score ten. It is to take the half loaf rather than to lose the whole.

In the Senate debates Mr. **FESSENDEN** is always conspicuous for an incisive good sense, which is the rarest as it is the most excellent quality of a Senator. In opposition he is always reasonable, speaking to the merits of the special case, and not planting himself upon abstractions. Quick to defend and explain the prerogative of the body in which he sits, he neither traduces nor defies his opponents. His advocacy of measures is more effective because it is not rancorous in rhetoric nor discursive in argument, but firm, prudent, and pointed. There is no man in Congress whose judgment is truer, whose discretion is more absolute, or whose conviction is sincerer. If there were any conspicuous and distinctive leader in the Senate he would be the man; and that, with his peculiar powers he is not confessedly the leader, is due rather to temperament than to any other cause.

Unquestionably Mr. **FESSENDEN** represents the patient common sense of the Union party in this country. He knows that the difficulties of the situation are to be surmounted not by vituperation and crimination, not by petty jealousies or lofty moral indignation, but by tranquil firmness and honest argument. He does not propose an ideal reconstruction, which is sure to be baffled by events, nor an unreasoning and blind submission to chances which are calculable. Differing upon some points with the President, he does not accuse his sincerity; and convinced that certain conditions of reorganization are indispensable, he neither exasperates nor flatters the late rebel population. Had the action of Congress in both Houses been inspired by such a spirit much of the gravity of the situation would have been avoided. Sounder health, a more cheerful temperament, and greater ambition and self-esteem would have made Senator **FESSENDEN** a more conspicuous chief, but they could not make him a more useful legislator.

A total contrast to Senator **FESSENDEN** is Mr. **THADDEUS STEVENS**, who has been permitted by the House of Representatives to take the position of a leader. Mr. **STEVENS** has no single quality of a statesman, except strong conviction and fidelity to principle. He is strictly a revolutionary leader; reckless, unsparing, vehement, vindictive, loud for the rights of conquerors, intolerant of opposition, and as absolutely incapable of fine discrimination and generous judgment as a locomotive of singing. Of a pleasant humor and personal kindliness, he is no more fitted for the task of reconstruction which devolves upon Congress than a jovial blacksmith to repair a watch, or "a butcher to take up hidden arteries and sundered veins in the very region of the heart." Yet a Congress which is undoubtedly one of the ablest that was ever assembled has quietly allowed itself to be almost a puppet in the hands of such a man and at such a time. The consequence is that Mr. **STEVENS**'s crude and rash talk is supposed to be the voice of Congress. A legislator who undertakes to regulate the price of gold by law is the tacitly acknowledged chief of a body of practical business men. A representative who sneers at the press is a permitted leader in a party created and triumphant by free discussion.

The evident mischief of allowing Mr. **STEVENS** to be the exponent of the House is, that his words and ways are naturally supposed by the people of the late rebel States to indicate the disposition of the dominant party of the country. Those people at once conceive that vindictive or unreasonable hostility is the mainspring of the Union policy. They instinctively resist. Seeing the President and Mr. **STEVENS** at issue, they strenuously support the President. That support again puts the President in a false position, of which he and all honest men are fully conscious, and he naturally does not feel pleasantly toward the agencies which have placed him there. We insist that Mr. **JOHNSON** has reason to be hurt and indignant when he is represented as the friend and ally of red-handed rebels. Has he given no proof of fidelity to the Government? Because he holds views of reorganization which may appear to be very hazardous to the welfare of the Union, is he therefore to be accused of treachery? Because the President expresses his opinion, is he to be charged with usurpation? Yet Mr. **STEVENS** makes the charge, and the House is silent.

It is one of the marvels of the time that no man known as a radical has vindicated the party and the country against Mr. **STEVENS**. The opposition of gentlemen like Mr. **RAYMOND** and Mr. **DAVIS** of this State does not avail. In public estimation they stand where "the King's friends" stood in the earlier days of **GEORGE THIRD**. Yet nothing is more certain than that the calm good sense of the great Union party has strongly condemned the views and policy of Mr. **STEVENS**. His own instinct assured him of it in advance, and he said so in the first speech he made during the session, when he declared that he spoke for himself alone. It is as true now as it was then. The work of reorganization is blended of firmness and forbearance, of prudence and conciliation, of faith and patience; and those are words which are not found in the dictionary of **THADDEUS STEVENS**.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PAPER-MONEY MEN.

THE paper-money men have won a substantial victory. On 23d March the **MORRILL** bill passed the House of Representatives, with amendments prohibiting the Secretary of the Treasury from curtailing more than $10,000,000 of United States notes in the six months following the passage of the bill, and $4,000,000 in each subsequent month—in other words, restricting contraction to the pitiful amount of about $18,000,000 during the recess, say 2½ per cent. of the total volume afloat. Contraction at this rate may fairly be considered no contraction at all. If we progress no faster than this, there are few men living who will see the restoration of specie payments.

The amendment was carried by the combined votes of the friends of the original bill—who accepted the measure with this limitation rather than be altogether defeated—and the Congressional representatives of the manufacturing interests of New England and Pennsylvania; the latter were opponents of currency contraction. It was Mr. **BOUTWELL**'s speech which gave the death-blow to the original measure. It was Mr. **STEVENS** who led the paper-money party in opposition to **JOHN WENTWORTH**. These gentlemen have been instructed by their respective constituencies that currency-contraction means a stoppage of domestic industry and a period of general commercial embarrassment, and have been directed to oppose any interference with the existing paper-money régime. Manufacturers understand that if the currency remains as redundant as it is they will be able to sell their goods on hand at a profit, whereas, if the currency be curtailed, they will have to sell them at a loss; and, with a short-sightedness not unusual to their class, they do not see that to resist contraction now is only to postpone the evil day, and to incur the risk of a crisis hereafter, when they will probably be less able to meet it than now. It is for the interest of the manufacturers, as of all other people, that measures should be at once inaugurated which will lead as soon as possible to the restoration of specie payments, and to the re-establishment of a stable standard of value for the government of commercial transactions. But these people look to the present only, and think only of the stocks of goods on hand. If they can sell these at a profit they will let the future take care of itself. And their power in Congress has been thus far sufficient to defeat the Government and the friends of a sound currency.

There are two aspects in which this success of the manufacturers may be viewed. One is the financial aspect. If they should succeed with the Senate and the President as they have succeeded with the House of Representatives, the commencement of substantial contraction will be deferred for a year. The consequence will be an extensive production of goods this summer and next fall, and heavy sales, necessarily on credit, to the South and West. Another year of inflated currency would not be unlikely to lead to a fresh outburst of speculation in goods. It would follow that, when the question next arose, in December of this year, and the representatives of the people were again called upon by the urgent necessity of the case to interpose some check to the upward tendency of prices, the manufacturing establishments would be in a much worse condition than they are now to resist contraction, and much less able than they now are to extend liberality to their debtors. In a word, the longer the day of reckoning is deferred, the worse will it be met. If we begin now the uphill work of contraction, some weak members of society will fall out and perish by the way. But the bulk of us have thews and sinews equal to the task. Let the labor be postponed another year, and many men who could now meet the crisis and survive it will be unable to encounter its perils. Manufacturers who could now afford to lose 25 per cent. on their stocks will then be called upon to lose 75 per cent. and will not be able to sustain such a loss. Merchants who could now bear a sacrifice on their goods will be in no condition to do so after another year of ups and downs. The very men who are now led by **THADDEUS STEVENS** and **JOHN SHERMAN** in opposing the restoration of specie payments will discover that they would have saved money had they let matters take their course. For the whole question is covered by two propositions: *First*, We must, sooner or later, restore specie payments; and, *Secondly*, In the nature of things the longer the operation of getting back to specie payments is deferred, the more difficult will it prove, and the greater the risk of a crisis in the transition.

The other aspect in which the recent victory of the manufacturers may be viewed is political. Though many leading Republicans voted for the Morrill Bill, and it was in part an administration measure, it was nevertheless defeated by Republican votes, and the responsibility for its defeat rests upon such representative Republicans as **STEVENS** of Pennsylvania, and **BOUTWELL** of Massachusetts. Had the Southern States been represented in Congress the bill would have passed as reported by the Committee. The South had every reason to favor the restoration of specie payments, and no interest whatever in prolonging the present era of paper-money and fluctuating values. We must not disregard the use that will be made of this fact at the fall elections. By that time politicians will have taken hold of the currency question as a political issue. It will be easy to demonstrate that the great cost of living is mainly due to the depreciated condition of the currency, and opponents of the dominant party will plausibly argue that but for the opposition of such Republicans as **Stevens**, **Boutwell**, and others—in the interest of vast manufacturing corporations in Pennsylvania and New England—the currency would by that time have been curtailed, gold would have been lower, and the cost of living substantially reduced. It will be further argued by the Opposition presses and speakers, that but for the unwillingness of the majority in Congress to admit Southern men to seats, the currency would already have been in process of contraction, and the cost of living on the decline.

As for the Secretary, he will probably do his duty as best he can with such powers as Congress may confer upon him. We regard it as a great mercy to him that the original bill did not pass. Had that measure become a law nothing could have saved him from wholesale charges of corruption and speculation in the stock market. If his power to contract the currency be definitely limited to $18,000,000 between this and December he can, of course, effect little or nothing toward the restoration of specie payments. Gold will fall simply because every one will understand that contraction is only deferred, not abandoned, and because the cotton crop is likely to more than pay our foreign debt. He will doubtless exert himself to convert as large a proportion as possible of his short-date obligations into long bonds, and, by getting rid of his debt on call and of his debt certificates, will emancipate himself from the control of the banks. Another year of high prices and high taxes will satisfy Congressmen that they can not with impunity advocate the interest of manufacturing companies in opposition to the public interest, and the Secretary will then have his revenge.

THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON RECONSTRUCTION.

A great deal of unreasonable wrath has been lavished upon the Reconstruction Committee. The President denounced it as a Central Directory, which was an unfortunate expression, because it has no resemblance to a Central Directory; and the papers that steadily palliated the rebellion declaim against the Committee as an irresponsible body to which Congress has helplessly committed its functions. This is a natural opposition, because these papers also decry the test oath as unconstitutional, and urge the admission of the late rebel States to all their old rights without conditions. They are, therefore, very impatient with a Committee charged to inquire whether such a policy is wise and safe.

The truth is, that when Congress met it was clear that it must at once adopt the policy of reorganization urged by the opponents of the war, or it must not. To adopt it was to make the war a tragical farce, and to invite rebellion. Of course a loyal and honest and able Congress did not entertain the proposition for a moment. Then it was necessary to determine the exact situation of the country, and to consider the conditions upon which it seemed best that the unorganized States should resume their old relations. This was not a point to be settled by any theory whatever. It involved a knowledge of facts; and the first duty was to collect information, compare opinions, and elaborate methods. Obviously Congress itself could not undertake this work directly; and, unless it were prepared to abdicate its authority, and to allow the President to settle by his sole individual will the gravest question which could ever arise in our history, it was indispensable to appoint a Committee to investigate and compare, to consider, and finally to report, that the whole subject might be treated intelligently by those who were elected by the loyal people of the United States to decide the question.

Nothing could be plainer or more reasonable. Surely if any subject ever demanded the most prudent and thoughtful deliberation it is the reorganization of the Union. It is not a matter to be "hurried up," nor to be determined by an abstract theory. It is the most practical of questions. As Mr. **Seward** said in his letter to Mr. **Adams** describing the interview of President **Lincoln** with the peace-embassy from Richmond in February, 1865: "His power [the President's] is limited by the Constitution. And when peace should be made, Congress must necessarily act in regard to appropriation of money, and to the admission of representatives from the insurrectionary States."

The Reconstruction Committee is thus simply a Commission of Inquiry with no power whatever; and as Congress appointed the Committee because information was necessary to wise action, it very properly resolved not to act until it had the information. At any moment it may alter its instructions to the Committee, or it may discharge it. But it might just as wisely be denounced for referring questions of contested elections to a committee upon that subject, and declining to decide until the committee reported, as for intrusting this most vital inquiry to a carefully selected committee. So, also, to complain that it has not presented a complete scheme of legislation upon the subject, is to complain of the nature of the case. The essential information is, of course, slowly obtained and must be well weighed. Meanwhile, as fast as the Committee sees that a special measure is desirable, it reports it to Congress and asks action upon it. This course is also reviled; but if the Committee had been silent to this time would its conduct have been more satisfactory to its opponents?

It is surely a very thoughtless and impatient complaint that the loyal people of the United States, by their representatives in Congress, are considering with the gravest deliberation the most momentous question of reorganization of the Union. The point is not whether loyal representatives are to be admitted, because nobody but a Copperhead claims that any other shall be. The question is, whether South Carolina and Mississippi shall, by the admission of members to Congress, be declared to have resumed all the rights in the Union which New York and Iowa enjoy. It may be that it is most desirable; but is Congress to be blamed for carefully considering the question?

THE LAW OF TESTIMONY.

In the State of New York, since the spring of 1857, the parties to civil suits are equal witnesses with all others. The reform has been an improvement, and the vast majority of lawyers in the State would doubtless smile at the proposition to return to the old system. But the question is asked, and with extraordinary emphasis—If parties to civil suits may witness for themselves, why should not the defendant in a criminal suit testify for himself?

There really is no sufficient answer. If both parties were disqualified there would be at least an air of impartiality. But it is not so. The just theory of the law is that every person is to be presumed innocent until proved guilty; but the practice is to hold him guilty until he can establish his innocence, and he is not suffered to help establish it. If you enter any court where a man is upon trial for an infamous crime of which he may be as innocent as you are, it is impossible not to see that he is already regarded as guilty. We do not deny that this springs from the steps necessary to security which must be taken; but certainly we do not give the accused a fair chance if we silence him. The practice of the law in this respect is amusingly illustrated by a story of a certain New York Judge who was about to sentence a negro for some trivial offense. "Stand up, Zingo!" said his Honor. "What have you to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon you?" Poor Zingo, frightened out of his small wits, began to stammer, "Why—Massa—Massa—Knickerbocker—" "Not a word, Zingo," interrupted his Honor, "not a word;" and sentence was pronounced.

A writer in the American *Law Register* for January, to whom we are indebted for this good story, and who treats the subject with great spirit and force, says that the only theory upon which the testimony of a party to a civil suit was rejected was that if he said any thing favorable to himself it must needs be perjury, and that the same reason is urged for a similar exclusion in criminal proceedings. But there is no delay in receiving a plea of guilty. It is only when the story of an accused man helps him that it is discarded. But having rejected the theory in one case, we must reject it in the other. Besides, before the examining and committing magistrate the arrested person may make a statement, and this statement may be used against him, and so may come before the jury without the sanction of an oath. Now if the accused may be heard unsworn before a magistrate, why should he not be heard, sworn, before twelve magistrates or a jury. "If," as the writer of whom we speak says—"if his statements are receivable to influence the magistrate in holding or releasing him, why should they not be received in the form of legal testimony to influence the jury in convicting or acquitting him?"

Again, if the theory be that the accusation renders the accused unworthy of credit, why do we allow one of two accused persons to give States evidence and suffer him to escape by implicating his accomplice? By this offer we bribe both honest men wrongfully accused and rogues anxious to escape to swear falsely. Yet, so determined is the impartial law to convict, that if the State's evidence should tend to exonerate both the accused, it will not be produced.

In the State of Maine, by an act passed in 1863, the respondent to any criminal charge is allowed to testify; and Chief Justice **Appleton** of that State says of these changes: "So far as I can judge, they are favorable to the ascertainment of truth—the great end for which judicial proceedings are instituted.......I anticipate from the change proposed a greater certainty of correct decisions in criminal proceedings. The guilty will be less likely to escape. The danger of the unjust conviction of the innocent will be diminished." It appears that in no civilized country save the English-speaking lands is a person accused of crime forbidden to testify for himself. It is a relic of a false and foolish view of human nature. It is a view corrected by our experience and ridiculed by the inconsistency of our practice. If "the profession" will raise the banner of reform upon this subject it will be the banner of triumph.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES IN NEW YORK CITY.

The question of the removal of these establishments to the suburbs of the city has lately engaged the attention of the new Board of Health; but in the discussion between the butchers and the Board there was one point of considerable importance entirely overlooked. This was the condition of the cattle as to health, produced by their transfer to the city in cattle-trains, and the superiority of abattoirs in the country. It must be very evident that by taking cattle off their feed and transporting them in cars from the prairies of the West, or from Canada—and the majority of our cattle come from these quarters—they must be bruised and feverish on their arrival at the pens, and in no condition for immediate slaughter. It would be evidently better to kill the animals fresh from pasture and transport the carcass quartered to the city.

The butchers object to this plan on the ground that the meat would, as they say, "be mussed" in a jarring train. But this slight disadvantage has to be weighed against the greater disadvantage of unhealthy meat produced by bruises and fever. It would not be difficult, however, to construct cars on the plan of a cooling-house, so that meat might be transported in them without being bruised, heated, or in any way damaged. So far as expense is concerned, if the business were conducted on a large scale, there would doubtless be an advantage in having cattle slaughtered along the great lines, by which they are now conducted into the city—the Harlem and Hudson River roads.

The question, What food we shall eat, and what scrutiny shall be employed in its selection, is one of more importance than is generally supposed. Many diseases are produced by meat injured by an improper mode of feeding animals. This is much more extensive in old countries than in ours, where we yet have vast prairies and abundant crops of corn; but in the Atlantic States, owing to the exhausting plan of cultivation pursued, animals are fed much less luxuriously than throughout the West. Cattle and hogs are there fatted generally in large inclosures, and with abundance of nutritious food, and improper feeding is the exception. But elsewhere such feeding is the general rule. A hog fatted in a close pen can scarcely be fit for food. The air of such a confined place is bad. The refuse of all food is considered good enough for the pig, and it is fed to him from a reservoir in which it is allowed to accumulate until it ferments. The prejudice of the Jew against pork is doubtless due to this mode of feeding, known to produce scrofula not only in the animal, but in those who partake of the flesh. We need not speak of the abuses in fattening cows which have been kept in what are called swill-stables, as the food which comes from these sources is well known to be dangerous to health.

Food that is wholly desirable and proper can best be obtained from animals which are allowed to take exercise during the process of fattening; and if a few butchers would unite in the purchase of extensive grounds in Westchester or Putnam counties and carry out this plan, we feel sure that the enterprise would be rewarded with good customers and large profits. The new Board, instead of directing their attention merely to the question of cleanliness, by influencing removals from the inhabited portions of the city of all slaughter-houses, would promote both the health of the animals and of the consumers.

PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

In his admirable lectures Dr. **Southwood Smith** tells us that epidemics all belong to the class of Fevers. The Black Death, the Oriental Plague, the Sweating Sickness, Cholera, Typhus, Small-Pox, and many other diseases of less severity are epidemic and periodical in their character, and are usually preceded by Influenza. The first outbreak of cholera in Great Britain was heralded by it, and the influenza of 1847 announced the cholera of 1848. During the prevalence of cholera all other diseases are apt to partake of its type, owing doubtless in a great measure to the terror which pervades a community at such times, and we find that the reaction of the mental impressions on the body are so powerful as frequently to result in the death of the unfortunate unless his attention can be diverted from himself.

Cholera, like all other epidemics, is fearfully rapid in its action, and if death does not occur in a few hours the patient will usually recover. The great object to be attained in the treatment of the disease when it has announced its presence is to gain time. The sufferer should *go to bed at once* and *send for his physician*, for every moment is of value, and proper assistance in the first onslaught of the attack will often decide between life and death in the ultimate result.

Whatever opinions physicians may hold regarding the contagious character of various epidemics, all agree that certain conditions are alike favorable to their development and rapid progress as well as to their fatality. Filthy streets, dirty sewers, exhalations from putrid animal and vegetable substances, are all powerful predisposing causes of the production not only of cholera, but also of typhus and all other diseases of the fever class.

The influence of the foul air voided from the human body is also exceedingly pernicious to the system, especially in overcrowded, ill-ventilated rooms and buildings; but so great is the infatuation of the majority of men regarding the subject of ventilation that, in spite of the evidence of the nostrils, it is often asserted that there is no difference to be found between pure and foul air; whereas the experiments of Dr. **Angus Smith** show that if we condense the air of an overcrowded room and allow it to remain for a week or so it forms a glutinous deposit that possesses a strong animal odor, and if examined from time to time by a microscope the deposit shows the appearance of vegetable growths in which hosts of animalcules are rapidly produced, thus demonstrating in the most satisfactory manner the presence of a large amount of organic matter in the air expired from the lungs.

The poisonous character of the organic matter contained in such expired air, and in that exhaled from the skin, is demonstrated by the same authority in the statement that a few drops of the liquid matter obtained by the condensation of the foul air of an overcrowded room introduced into the veins of a dog produces death, with the usual phenomena of typhus fever.

In the face of such facts it is folly longer to disregard the important subject of ventilation if we desire to escape the epidemic that now threatens us, an attack of which is now regarded as being even disreputable to the patient, since it involves a gross ignorance of the ordinary laws of hygiene, and a disregard of cleanliness in the personal or household arrangements.

It is of course impossible in an article to indicate the means which families and individuals should employ to protect themselves as far as possible from the invasion of this disease, and since the old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure applies with marvelous force to the cholera, it is the duty of all to observe with care the laws of hygiene as laid down in the works on this subject. An excellent summary of them will be found in a book on *Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene*, recently published by Professor **Draper**, in which the questions of diet, ventilation, bathing, etc., are fully discussed and brought within the reach of all intelligent minds.

"INSIDE."

The story of this name, which appears serially in the *Weekly*, certainly fulfills its promise. It is the most graphic and clearly authentic sketch of the social condition of the late rebel States during the war, and will have a unique value to the historian of the stormy time, and, like all true pictures of a great range of society, is full of value to the statesman and political thinker. The writer of such a tale is not a solitary product of the region in which it is laid; and it is to such clear and intelligent comprehension upon the part of the thoughtful people of the South that we must look for wise action in the future. They are the real friends of the Union and of peace.

SOLDIERS LEFT-HAND WRITING.

It was in this paper that many of the soldiers who competed for the prizes of left-handed penmanship first saw the invitation to that generous rivalry, and they will now learn with pleasure the result. It is plain from the number of specimens that no Yankee loses his heart with his arm, for there were some two hundred and seventy manuscripts collected from nearly every State in the Union. The loss of two arms, indeed, did not daunt one competitor, who sent a specimen of writing with the mouth, which was remarkable and honorably mentioned. The Exhibition Room was prettily arranged, and, except for an unexpected limitation of time, it would doubtless have been a point of popular interest. Yet it was long enough open for General **Grant** to visit it. He was delighted with the display, and wrote a letter playfully confessing that he should be unable to decide upon the merits of the competitors.

This, however, was a responsibility which the Committee could not escape, and after careful inspection and consideration they awarded the prizes, although they would doubtless have confessed that it was often very difficult to discriminate. The original sum offered was five hundred dollars by **William Oland Bourne**, who was the projector of the enterprise. To this two hundred and fifty dollars were added by the Sanitary Commission, and as much more by the Committee, making one thousand dollars in all. The first prize of the first class was awarded to **Franklin H. Durrah**, private in the Thirty-first Pennsylvania Infantry. There were twenty-eight prizes altogether, and we wish we had room for the names of the recipients, who were from every part of the country, from Maine to Dacotah. General **Howard**, the Head of the Freedmen's Bureau, who is one of the left-armed soldiers of the Union, did not compete for the prizes, but he wrote a pleasant letter to Dr. **Bellows**, one of the Committee.

It was an enterprise most honorable to Mr. **Bourne** and to the brave Yankee soldiers, all of whom showed in the sentiments they wrote that if nobly left-handed they were no less nobly right-hearted.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

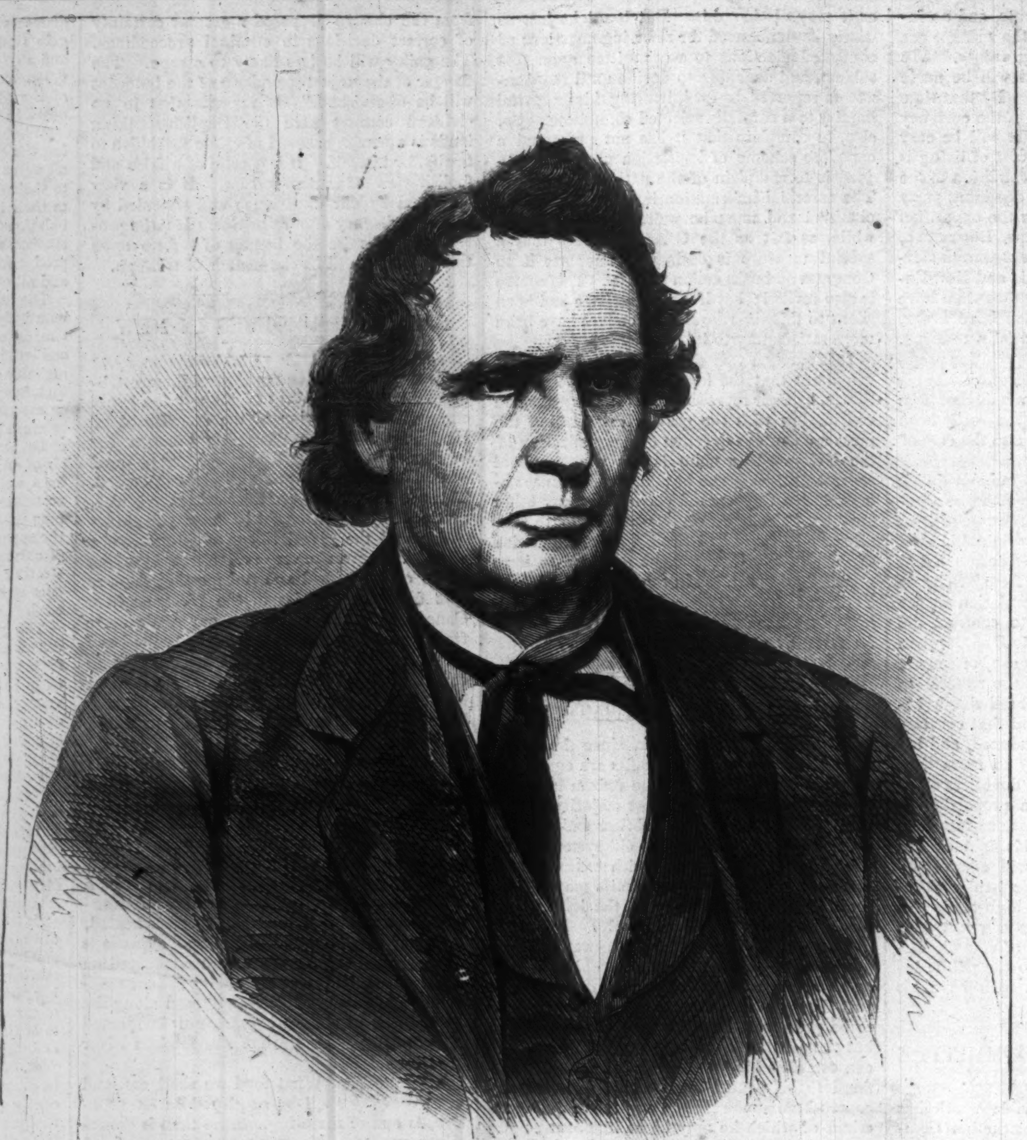
THE figure which in the present Congress looms up above every other is that of THADDEUS STEVENS, of Pennsylvania. Certainly if we were to select the portrait of that Congressman which would be most interesting to our readers it would be the portrait of STEVENS.

The subject of our sketch was born in Caledonia County, Vermont, April 4, 1793. Immediately upon his graduation at Dartmouth College, in 1814, he removed to Pennsylvania. Teaching in an academy in that State, he at the same time prepared for the practice of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1816, in Adams County. In 1833 he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and also in the years following until 1838, and again in 1841. In 1838 he was appointed Canal Commissioner, and in 1842 he removed to Lancaster.

In 1848 Mr. STEVENS was elected a Representative from Pennsylvania to the Thirty-first Congress. He was a member of the Thirty-second, and also of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congress. In the latter he held the most important position in the House—that which is usually conceded to the leading member—namely, that of Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1862 he was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and subsequently to the Congress which is now in session.

Not a man of great statesmanship though of sincere patriotism, he is inconsiderate in the policy which he urges upon the country, and in his utterances upon important matters of State. He is bold, and even rash in speech. Chief-Justice TANEY had slept in his grave little more than a twelvemonth when, in an important speech in the House, Mr. STEVENS had the boldness to declare that the opinions of the Chief-Justice on negro citizenship had damned him to everlasting infamy, and, he feared, to everlasting flame. In the same speech Mr. STEVENS expressed his impatience at the magnanimity of the Government in its attitude toward the conquered Southern States, and advocated a revival of the policy which had been visited upon the vanquished in the less civilized epochs of Roman history. Mr. STEVENS is more of an alarmist, we think, than becomes an honest statesman. He exaggerates trivialities. Because President JOHNSON simply expressed an opinion in regard to the proposed amendments to the Constitution, Mr. STEVENS saw in this a dreadful usurpation, not unworthy to be compared with that which cost CHARLES THE FIRST his head. We mention these things as characteristics of Mr. STEVENS's boldness and extravagance. His attempt, afterward, to treat the President's 22d of February speech as a hoax, foisted upon the country by the Copperheads, was equally extravagant as a bit of buffoonery.

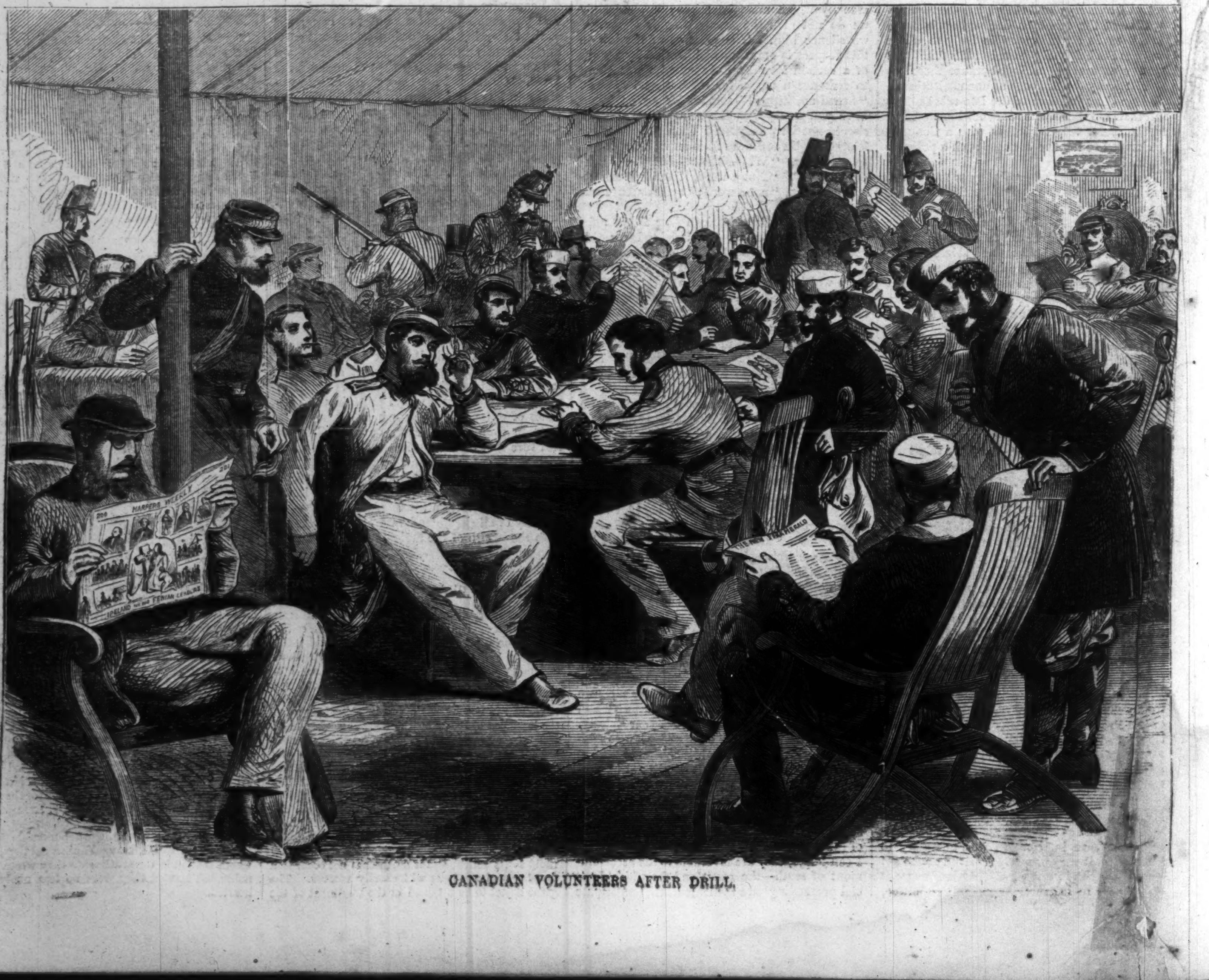
That which gives Mr. STEVENS the great power which he wields in the House—a power which is almost irresistible—is his emphatic and earnest denunciation of treason. The country has suffered so much in the past from vacillation, that it greatly admires any thing which looks thorough and straightforward. Mr. STEVENS's words have a gladiatorial strength which would have done honor to the boldest of Rome's orators. They sway men by their sledge-hammer strokes—they are words of iron. Whatever be the verdict of posterity in regard to the wisdom of Mr. STEVEN's acts and speeches, future generations can not fail to render him the tribute which is always yielded to extraordinary force of character.



HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, M. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE FENIANS.

WE continue this week to give illustrations of matters connected with the Fenian movement in Ireland and Canada. Apparently very little is being done by the Fenians themselves. We hear a great deal of volunteer drilling and parades in Canada directed against Fenians, but we are not aware of the fact that there has been found a Fenian in arms. Ireland has been put under martial law and the *habeas corpus* act suspended—and yet there has not been the first shot fired, nor the first act of overt rebellion committed. We smile when we remember the protracted howl of indignation which all England raised when, in the midst of the most serious rebellion which history records, we suspended the act of *habeas corpus*. It also excites a



CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS AFTER DRILL.

smile to read the indignant comments of the principal Canadian journals on the neutral attitude assumed by our Government toward the whole affair. The British are pronouncing most emphatically to-day the profound and instructive maxim which they have always pronounced to all the other peoples of the world: "Do as we *say*, but not as we *do!*"

It is reported that **Stephens**, the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, has escaped from Ireland. It is now several weeks since he escaped from Richmond Bridewell prison, of which we give an illustration on our first page. This prison is a Government establishment, and is also a house of correction for male and female convicts. Weaving is the principal employment of the males; those sentenced to hard labor are put to the tread-mill. The prisoners, on being discharged, are paid one-third of the earnings of their labor. This prison, as well as others in Dublin, is full of Fenians.

Arrests continue to be made all over the country. Eleven men charged at Skibbereen, on 28th February, with being concerned in the Fenian conspiracy, were brought to Cork next day, and lodged in the county jail. We give on the same page with Richmond Bridewell prison an illustration of these prisoners entering the jail. Our illustration on page 212, representing the Canadian Volunteers resting after their drill, speaks for itself.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XIII.

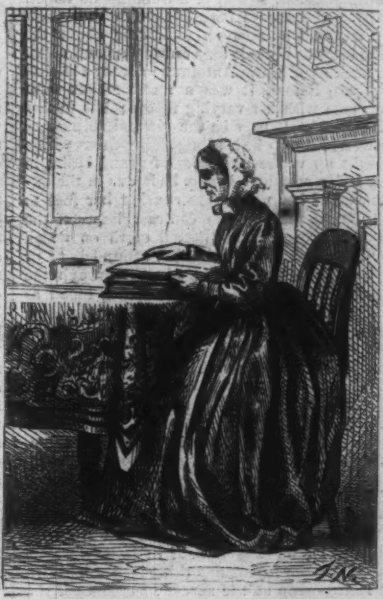
Mrs. Dr. Warner had remarked to her husband only yesterday: "Dr. Warner, *will* you tell me what we are coming to? Flour forty dollars a barrel, sugar four pounds for a dollar, salt twelve cents, coffee one dollar, molasses two dollars and a half, lard forty cents, chickens fifty cents, eggs one dollar, butter a dollar and a quarter—those fiendish Yankees! And not a calico in town under a dollar a yard, domestics a dollar and a quarter, shoes ten dollars, a paper of pins five dollars! If I only had all the Yankees right in front of a cannon—Lincoln and all—loaded to the muzzle, and could shoot that cannon off, I could die happy. And there's snuff, not a grain of it to be had!"

Mrs. Warner stopped; words failed to express her indignation. In fact the English language had long since been used up by Mrs. Warner. Its very strongest words had been hurled by her so long and so continually upon the heads of the invaders that they had become insipid and meaningless to her. It is weeks now since she has first remarked that, if she but could do so, she would with her own hands send the North into atoms so small that Omniscience itself should never find them, nor Omnipotence itself put them together if found.

From Colonel Ret Roberts's last speech that was; but even that had become language too feeble to express her loathing and abhorrence. Having said fifty times a day that the Yankees were worse than devils, and that even hell was a punishment too light for them—said this in all possible inflections of the idea, what else could *be* said? Even Mrs. Warner was conscious of a sense of exhaustion.

As to the Doctor, what had he to do but to be as little at home as possible, put in some word of flattery whenever his conscience and a lull in the storm permitted, and so endure? The Doctor agreed in all the fulminations of his wife upon those who had brought about the ruin of the country, with this slight difference only—that the Xantippe of his bosom located these authors in Washington, and he located them in a somewhat lower latitude. When the infinite diversity of sentiment between the Secessionists and the Union people at the South during the war is considered, the wonder is, not at the alienation that existed there on that account, but rather that no greater explosion followed. But then there was on the part of the Union people an amazing amount of—what is the softest possible word for dissembling?—and a still more astonishing degree of silence. And there was an ominous meaning in that very silence, taken in connection with the class character of the Union people, hitherto and in all other matters, for forecast and prudence, which disquieted their Secessionist acquaintances exceedingly.

There is Mrs. Sorel. The times bring many troubles to her besides the absence of her son at the war. She goes out very little these days. None of the Union people do so any more than they can help. But she meets, as all Union people do, with coldness, sometimes actual denunciation, in company when she does enter it. Often is she under the necessity of entering the small room adjoining her chamber, where is little furniture beyond a chair and a table with a Bible upon it; oftener than of old, and she remains there longer in these days. Yet she always comes out from it calmer and in happier mood, if possible, than even in her palmiest days of yore. Nothing can be more placid than the conversations she and Edward Arthur, her guest, hold across the neat little table at breakfast, dinner, and supper; for Mr. Arthur is rarely away from home in these days any more than Mrs. Sorel Mrs. Sorel has even to remonstrate with her guest upon his confining himself too closely to his studies.



MRS. SOREL'S COMFORT.

The truth is, in the absence of the papers, reviews, and new publications of all sorts in which he once delighted, Mr. Arthur has taken to the old English divines in his library, volumes yellow with years and near a yard long, for which he has hitherto found little time. Into these volumes, as into pools pure and deep, he plunges over head and ears, and so forgets the times and himself. Nor are these the only pools into which he plunges. Every morning, to keep as fresh and as strong as possible, he is up and away on his horse to a creek miles off in the dense forest, into which he goes headlong, to return by the time the sun is up, glowing with his bath and the exercise, hopeful of happy days beyond Secession, hungry for his breakfast and for his studies afterward. A little Virgil occasionally; periodic Greek Testament likewise; and Hebrew also, straying away in its elephant tracks far away from Secession, across Canaan, through the rocky gaps of Sinai and Horeb, and on toward Abraham and the Creation.

What with these, the Old Divines, and his exercise, he is preparing sermons having more of the pith and essence of the Gospel in them, leagues away while so engaged from Secession and civil war. It may be only his imagination, but he has an impression that he is just now in special training for a work after Secession is over—some great work in which he is to accomplish more than he has ever dreamed of so far. At any rate he will prepare himself as thoroughly as possible.

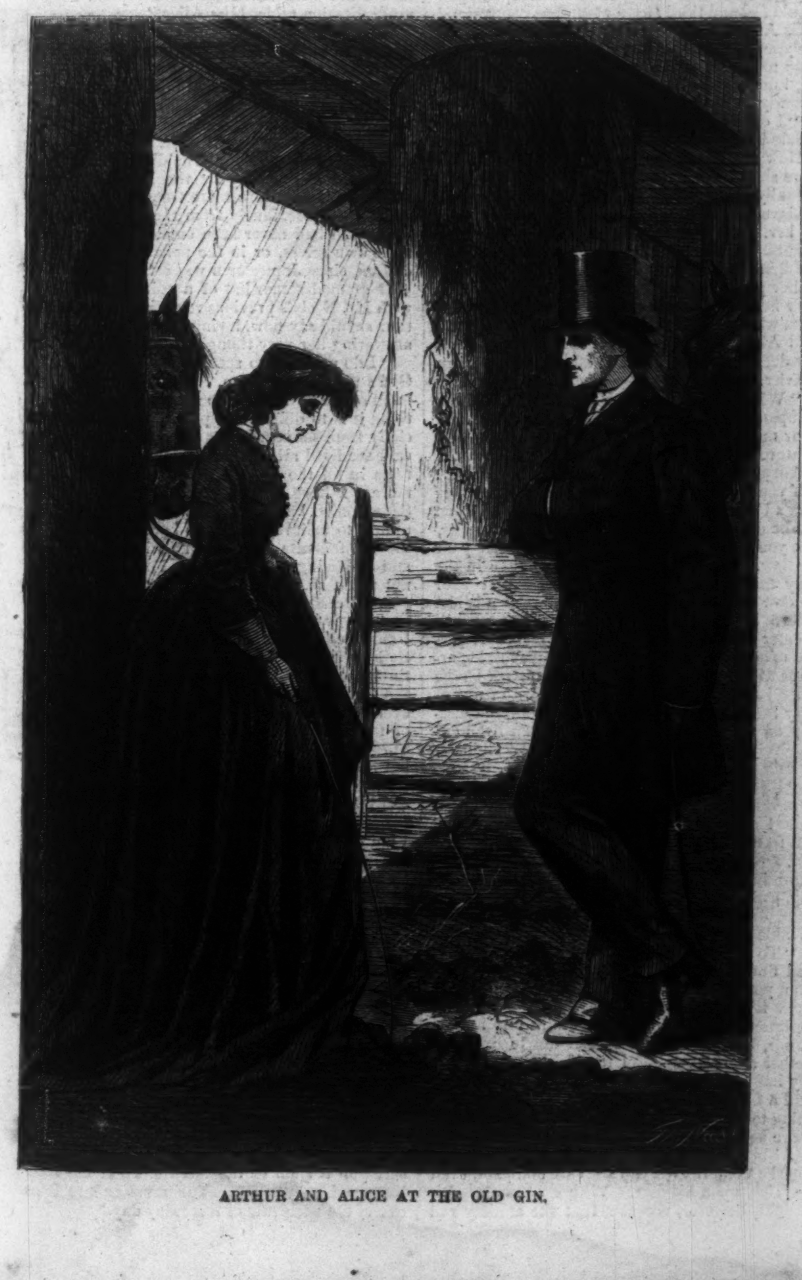
Here is a morning, some weeks after his last conversation with Mr. Ferguson, when the gallop and the bath before breakfast do not quite suffice. It is in vain after breakfast that, after getting through his lessons with Robby, he essays the folio of theology. It may be a deep pool at other times, but this morning it seems a frozen one. He can not penetrate beneath, but slips and falls continually on the page as on a surface of ice.

On account of the bells last night! Even from Mrs. Sorel's, three miles away, he could hear the great rejoicing in Somerville—all the bells, all the cannon, all the smaller arms. He woke at midnight with the first stroke of the Methodist bell, by far the largest in Somerville. "If Providence is willing, I am," he said to himself in the act of awaking; but there was no more sleep for him that night.

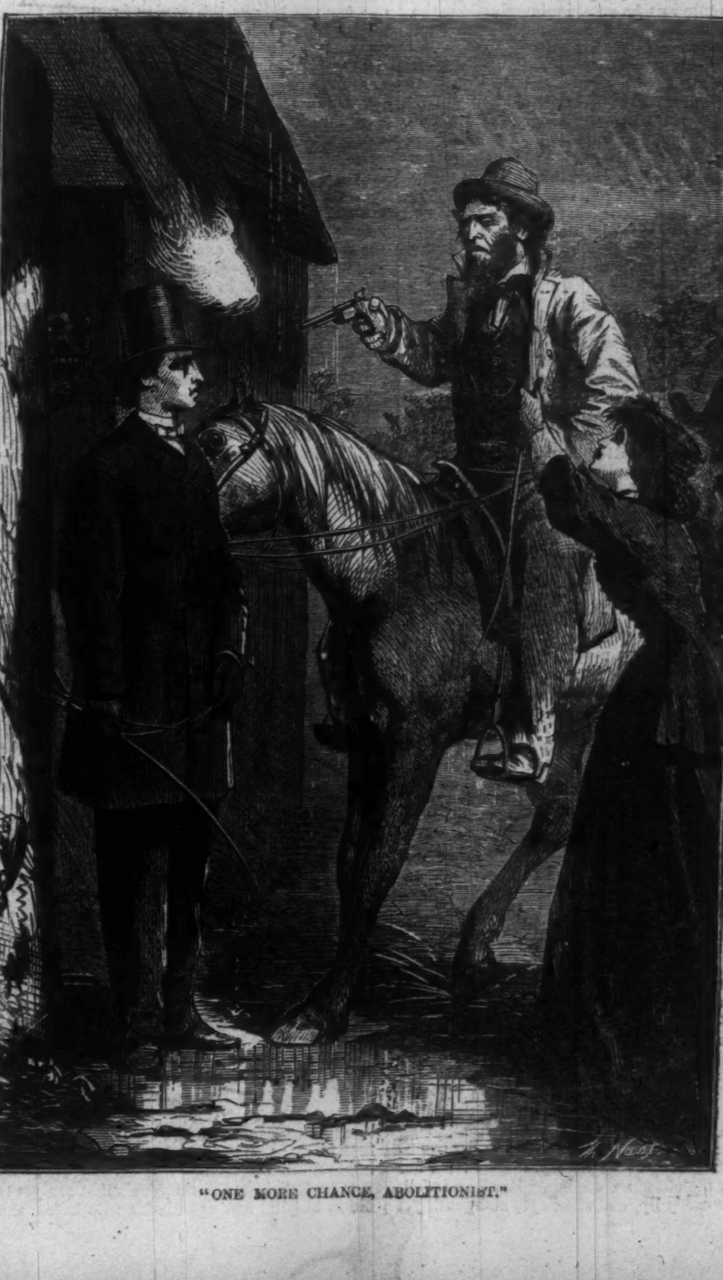
Somerville has been quite despondent of late, and the reaction of joy over victory is immense. Colonel Juggins has a negro boy over at Mrs. Sorel's with the paper long before breakfast. Mr. Arthur has read it to Mrs. Sorel at that meal. Cause for rejoicing, indeed! There have been a series of battles near Richmond lasting several days. M'Clellan has been captured, with his entire army! The gun-boats have managed to escape down James River, but that is all: 60 generals, 140 captains, 30,000 Federals killed, 80,000 captured; stores, batteries, colors without computation! The war is virtually over! Colonel Juggins comes along after breakfast.

"Of that vast army, ma'am," he says to Mrs. Sorel, "Bill Perkins was saying last night only 75 privates made their escape, and at last accounts our army was in full pursuit of them!" And Colonel Juggins, brimmed with enthusiasm, insists on reading over aloud the whole paper from end to end to quiet Mrs. Sorel washing up the breakfast things.

No, Edward Arthur can not get into the merits of the folio this morning. He evades Colonel Juggins, goes to the stable, saddles and mounts his horse, and rides slowly away he does not care whither. It runs like a ditty in his mind over and over again—"If Providence is willing, I am!" Odd passages of Scripture come to the surface, in his memory, of themselves—"'His ways are not as our ways, neither are His thoughts as our thoughts. He doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. None can stay His hand, or say what doest thou......' And yet if Secession *could* but have been put down! One country again; one flag again; universal amnesty; peace and prosperity again, firmer,



ARTHUR AND ALICE AT THE OLD GIN.



"ONE MORE CHANCE, ABOLITIONIST."

greater than before!" His mind runs over it all as it is: "The success of the great Wrong! The triumph of wicked men! Anarchy victorious North and South! And is it possible, after all, that such men as Lamum, Roberts, Barker, and the long tail of Captain Simmons, Bob Withers, Tim Lamum, and the like are right? Right? Pleasing to God? And all who think unlike them are wrong? their opinions displeasing to Heaven, and now justly rebuked?" It was partly broken rest the night past, but Edward Arthur felt as he rode along as if the very foundations of reason and religion were out of course.

The seven days of Chickahominy were days of disaster to you loyal hearts at the North, were they? Believe it, your deepest feelings in regard thereto were but, in the phrase of old Cervantes, "as cheese-cakes and cream-tarts" to the agony of hope deferred, nigh destroyed, in the bosoms of hundreds of thousands of us at the South, loving our common country as much as you. As much as you? Far more. Though trembling lest you should lose it, you still possessed it. We at the South, actually stripped of all we loved, of flag and country, were yearning for their return. In the great wreck common to both, you were as those of the wrecked still holding on to the floating fragments, though they seemed slipping from your grasp; we were as those drowning without even that, praying and clutching—ah, how desperately!—amidst the roaring foam.

It is raining heavily, and the rider looks around to find that his horse has stopped of its own accord under the roof of an old gin. He has been there before in his excursions. The gin is an abandoned one in the centre of a tract of land, which the furrows, nearly leveled by the rains to a plain, and a fragment of an old rail here and there, show to have been once cultivated. There is the screw, too, hard by, its long levers, with their little cap of a roof, idle evidently this many a day. The pit beneath is caved in. There are scraps of rope, shreds of bagging, great piles of cotton seed blue and steaming in the rain around. Yes, many a bale of cotton has been planted and gathered and ginned and pressed and wagoned away from this deserted spot. Edward Arthur is in full sympathy with the scene this morning; how much better to be there just now than in the hotel in Somerville, or even at Mrs. Sorel's. As he alights from and ties his horse to one of the huge posts which support the upper room of the gin-house, the under story being open all around, he is glad he has not to converse with even Guy Brooks this morning. Mr. Ferguson, too—he knows that the Scotchman is that instant in his room there in Somerville contemplating the blazing dispatch which he has just filed in its place in his ponderous scrap-book. There is a gleam of satisfaction in the young minister's mind as he sees, in imagination, the peculiar expression which is that very instant tinging, so to speak, the very tips of the Scotchman's grizzly beard.

But he is to have company at last. There is a galloping of a horse across the old field. It is a lady; she rides her pony in under the protecting roof, and is off and shaking the drops from her riding-skirt before he can get to her assistance. She raises her head as he approaches. Of all persons on earth it is the person whom he would most desire to meet just there and then. Of all persons on earth it is just the person whom he would there and then most ardently desire not to meet.

It may be owing to the fact that we have double lobes to the brain and a double set of organs to the heart; but certain it is a man may have in brain and heart, and at the same moment too, a double set of thoughts and emotions—double and strong, and in exact conflict with each other. And it is with a man in such a case as it is with a steamer, say, when the engine on its one side is propelling, with the engine on its other side backing. Round and round, morally speaking, goes the individual, but not an inch does he advance either down stream or up current. At least Mr. Arthur certainly had, at this moment, just such speed.

But who can venture to assert what her opinion of the chance meeting in that lonely spot was? If you gather any thing from her blush on first perceiving her companion, what are you to gather from the pallor which, the moment after, left her face in such striking contrast with the black velvet cap upon her head, and the black plume which drooped, heavy with rain, down to her cheek? Prompt enough to speak, however:

"All my fault, Mr. Arthur!" she said, gayly. "I have been spending a few days with Anne Wright, an old school-fellow. I determined to ride home this morning, come what might. Anne told me it would rain, but I thought pony would get me home first. Mr. Wright is in Somerville; the hands were off in the fields with the horses, so I had to come alone. I deserve it for starting. But I *will* have my way, mamma says. How came you here?"

Mr. Arthur has but a disjointed reply to make. Disjointed, because he has no reason for having ridden there at all. And because she is so beautiful—ah! how beautiful! He has not seen her, to converse with her, for many weeks now; and she has changed so! It is all in the sex. Boys do not change so. The youth of eighteen is very much the individual he was at sixteen, only taller—no coming out of any chrysalis with *him*.

But here is Alice Bowles. When Edward Arthur removed to Mrs. Sorel's Alice was but a girl—a lovely girl, but only a girl, although Mr. Neely *was* in the habit of visiting her so often. But to-day Alice Bowles alights from her pony in the old gin a woman. Her face is full, and her ruddy lip, and clear eye, and gentle yet firm expression, is that of a woman—no longer a girl. She always bore herself in that erect and imperial manner—a something about the white brow as if made for a crown—a bend about the neck as of Marie Antoinette among the *sans culottes*. Before, it was a manner that went and came with her varying moods; but to-day it is herself. It may be the plumed riding-cap she wears; it may be her long riding-dress, which brought up vague memories of grand ladies in their trains at court; it may be it was in the excitement of her rapid ride causing her face to glow so; it may be the contrast between the young beauty and the littered earth on which she stood and the dilapidation around her; or maybe it was her sudden advent through the dreary morning, and upon him in a mood as dreary; but, whatever was the reason, she came upon him there very little else to him than an angel from heaven. Had he not loved her at first sight, years ago, when she was only the bud of what had now opened into the perfect rose?

There was one advantage he had over her. He had not come upon her in her retreat there, in the out-of-the-way old gin, but she had come upon him; and, somehow, from the first he had yielded to her the burden of the conversation. His first look as he met her had said so much that he felt, and she felt, he had little more to add. Ah! how she talked, in order to keep from hearing or saying any thing!—cutting with her riding-whip at the shreds of cotton on the ground, shaking the drops of rain from her riding skirt, smoothing her already smooth hair on each side of her brow.

"And oh, Mr. Arthur, I nearly forgot. What *is* the news?" she suddenly asked, after all other topics were exhausted. "Anne and I could hear the noise all the way to Mr. Wright's. What great and glorious Something has happened this time?" And she entered on the topic with a sense of indefinable pain, and yet of indefinable pleasure too.

Mr. Arthur related the contents of the dispatches. Quite accurately, too, which was a wonder in those days. As a general rule it was a thing impossible, quite impossible, to do then. A man might try to tell his eager neighbor the contents of the last dispatch the moment he laid it down, but he never *could* repeat it accurately. If he was a Union man his version was far more unfavorable to the Confederacy than at least the printed lines warranted. If he was a Secessionist the news he repeated from the paper was much more encouraging for the Confederacy than even the largest capitals of the sheet just in his hands would justify.

"I need not ask your opinion of the news," said his companion, more thoughtfully. "I presume you will say of it, as you did of the news from Shiloh—it is partly true and partly false. And you were right. But it is a pity one can not believe the whole of a matter from the first, and with all the heart. One could enjoy one's self so!"

"You have no apprehension about your brother—?"

"Oh no!" interrupted his companion. "Did not mamma show you—ah! I forgot at the moment that you do not live with us now. No; mamma received a letter from him only ten days ago. He is in Charleston—under arrest, I am sorry to say. There was some Mississippian or Georgian put over him in rank. Very foolishly he neglected to obey some order, something of the kind, I do not exactly understand it. At any rate, Rutledge—Rutledge Bowles, as mamma always persists in calling him—is under arrest in Charleston. Since Rutledge can not bring himself to comply with the wishes of his superiors, it is a great pity they can not make it a rule to comply with his. At least mamma almost says so," added Alice, with a good deal of demure fun at the corners of her rosy mouth.

Her eyes being intent on the particular shred of cotton she was switching at with her riding-whip upon the ground, Mr. Arthur had an opportunity of looking at her. Poor young fellow! she was so beautiful; so full of life and grace! And Secession has put them as far apart—not as the East is from the West; that similitude is obsolete in these days—but as far apart from each other as the North is from the South.

"You know I have never seen your brother," said her companion, seeing at the moment with great satisfaction that the rain was beginning to fall heavier than ever. "But is there not—?" and in his half hesitation Alice hastened to finish the question for him.

"A strong resemblance between Rutledge and myself? In character, yes, I dare say there is. We are both of us altogether too impatient of control—too much in the habit of having our own way. It *is* a dreadful defect of character, Mr. Arthur," she said, looking up only for an instant at him, and then resuming her chastisement, though it was at least "an inch" of "a king," of the unfortunate piece of cotton; "but I do not see how either Rutledge or myself are to blame for it. We inherited it from our father, who was celebrated for his fixedness—if there is such a word—of opinion; and we have been trained to it from our cradles. If pa had only lived it would have been far better for us both; but you know how indulgent mamma is."

"I for one would not have you otherwise than as you are for the world," Mr. Arthur said, emphatically—only it was to himself, not a syllable of it reaching his lips. And yet she knew as well, in the silence which followed her remark, that he was saying just that as if he had said it aloud.

"Only to think," she hastily added, therefore, "of the thousands of brave men that must have been killed; that is, if there really was any fighting at all in Virginia."

"And of the many thousands that are yet to die in hospital and upon battle-field before this war is over," added her companion. "We read of Roncesvalles and Fontenoy, and the gallant knights dying at Chevy Chase, and all. Yet the simple truth is, old Froissart, whom you remember we read together last summer, tells of no brave gentlemen nobler or braver in every sense of the word than our Southern soldiers. Chivalry boasts of nothing which the South is not equaling every day, and every hour of the day."

"But we of the South deserve and wear the name of Chivalry, Mr. Arthur, only *too* well," said Alice, after a pause. "I wish I could not think of it as I do; but, somehow or other, we seem to be as antiquated as Chivalry is, too. As to the nobleness, generosity, courtesy, and valor of our armies, I suppose all the world is agreed; but, with all that, I can not help having a vague but painful sense that we are classed by Europe with Spain, behind the age. If one half of the feeling of the world in regard to us is admiration, the other half of that feeling is pity. I am afraid it is owing to some book or other which I should never have read; or it may be some natural perversity of my character, but it does seem to me as if our armies, gallant as they are, are warring against—what shall I call it?—against Destiny."

It may have been some improper reading, or it may have been the independence of her nature rebelling against whatever happened to be dominant; but it had pained her mother that Alice was not as thoroughly under the rule of the enthusiasm of the day as she desired her to be. Perhaps Mr. Neely had visited her too much—had overdone in his conversation the topic of the hour. Devotedly, too, as she loved her mother, she had known Mrs. Sorel too long not to acknowledge to herself the calm superiority of her sense and judgment to the mere impulse of her mother, beautiful as that impulse was—not that Mrs. Sorel had conversed with her on the great question of the day. At least not for months now had she heard a word from her lips upon the merits of the quarrel. In truth, very rarely indeed in these days were the families thrown together. Mrs. Sorel had always spoken frankly on the subject when she spoke at all, and Mrs. Bowles was as decided in her feelings on the subject as Mrs. Sorel was in her convictions. Feeling *vs.* Conviction—that was the case at issue.

"If you will permit me, Miss Alice," said her companion, "I may be able to explain you to yourself. If you had read and thought as little upon the whole question now convulsing the country as the mass of those around you—I mean upon both sides of it—I dare say you would think and feel exactly as they do. Or if, notwithstanding all your thought and reading, your character admitted of your forgetting every thing of the kind, and giving yourself up blindly to the popular emotion, whatever it was, then, too, you would feel and think, as, for instance, your friend Miss Anne Wright does. I do not mean to flatter you, Miss Alice, but I can not say what I wish to say without seeming to do so," he added, knotting the lash of his riding-whip industriously as he spoke.

"I only wish I was as happy as Anne in her whole-heartedness upon the subject," said Alice. "How she does abuse the Yankees! I do believe she thinks if the Yankees succeed they will actually make her go to the wash-tub for them, enslave her, make a house-maid or a field hand of her. I'd like to see them come cavorting around *me*, her father says. Anne says she'll die first. I would certainly hate to eat any dish of her preparing, if I was Mrs. Lincoln, or whoever her future mistress is to be; it would be far from wholesome, I was telling her so last night," said Alice, with a laugh. "But, then, there is my dear, dear mother," she added, with sudden gravity.

"Will you forgive me, Miss Alice?" said her companion. "My admiration and affection for your mother are second only to your own, and I venture to say only this," he continued, gravely, although he saw the color rising in her cheek: "if you had been born at the date of your mother's birth you would have felt and thought just as she does to-day. It may be your misfortune, but you were born some thirty years after your mother. There has been a vast change in the very fashions worn since then. Look at your mother's miniature, taken when she was a bride. There is—whether we like it or not—a still greater change in the opinions of men. A person of active intellect—one who reads, thinks, arrives at independent conclusions—*can not* be the same in opinion with one born a third of a century before, unless you lived like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, or unless you lived exclusively in your own section, like the Chinese, or unless you went—"

"Fast asleep, like Rip Van Winkle," interrupted his companion. "Dear me, how it rains! How mamma will scold me for venturing out from Mr. Wright's! You must excuse me, Mr. Arthur; but the plain truth is, I hate to think in these days. I wish I could stop thinking, I'm sure. I would give all I possess for a good drink from the flagon that put Rip Van Winkle asleep!"

"To come out of your cave at last, as he did, and find all the world changed by other hands than your own. Well, perhaps so. And yet if there is indeed a great change for the better to be brought about by human brains and human hands, I confess I would prefer not to live altogether apart from it. I would like—at least in my happiest moments I feel so—to have a heart and a hand in the work. But it *is* a wearisome thing to think upon so steadily. I never felt it more so than to-day."

Although Alice did not look at her companion she none the less saw the care and pain, even anguish, upon his face. With a woman's quick insight, however, she saw that the anxiety and uncertainty almost which used to—or which she months ago fancied used to—mark the countenance of the young minister, was giving place to a twofold expression of confidence and peace; an expression growing from day to day through great suffering into an aspect of certainty and joy. Yet Mr. Neely was much the handsomest man of the two, so fat and rosy and full of cordial sympathy with the invaded South.

"If a person does not agree in sentiment with the people of the South what does he stay here for? Evidently he ought to be with that people in whose opinions he agrees. If I was with the North I would go there, and I would stay there." That was Mr. Neely's decided opinion in his last conversation with Alice—or rather in his last conversation with Mrs. Bowles when Alice was present. Mr. Neely did not mention Mr. Arthur's name in that connection: so that he could, of course, have no reference to him; certainly not.

"But suppose, Mr. Neely," Alice had innocently asked, looking up from her sewing—a soldier's shirt it was, one of a dozen made from the cover of her piano, cut up for that purpose as the only material to be had—"suppose you possessed property at the South, valuable property, all the property you owned in the world. I believe it is the certain loss of property in the South for a person to leave as you advise; if you held the sentiments you mention, you would leave, as you say, at the sacrifice of all you possessed?"

"I certainly would, Miss Alice," he replied, enduring her clear look. Perhaps in such a case Mr. Neely would. But perhaps in such a case Mr. Neely would not, also.

"Then if you were now at the North, entertaining the sentiments you do, you would instantly leave the North for the South, giving up all you owned there to do so?" asked Alice. Her beautiful eyes were full upon him. What could he do?

"I would, Miss Alice, I certainly would!" Oh, Mr. Neely! Not to know that you knew, and that she knew, whether you spake true or not. But, then, the temptation was so great, to Mr. Neely the greatest temptation possible in the whole world.

"Suppose, Mr. Neely, though you disapproved of the step taken by the South, and agreed in the course pursued, in consequence of that step, by the North, yet you shrank from engaging in actual war upon your own people, or even from being surrounded by such as were, how then?" Alice had asked.

"These are no days for such nice distinctions, Miss Alice," the school teacher had promptly replied. "As one feels and thinks so should he act. A man must adopt one side or the other, and without a particle of reluctance or shame in doing so. And men will do so whose views are clear. He that is not against us is with us; he that is not with us is against us—plain as the multiplication table, Miss Alice."

Alice really did not know what to reply. But it seemed strange to hear this gentleman from New England speaking so freely of *We* and *Us* in connection with Southern affairs. The possessive pronouns in all their inflections were used with painful frequency by the Yankee Secessionists. "*Our* brave boys!" "The way *We* are whipping them, too!" "The diabolical designs meditated against *Us* by the Federals!" and kindred phrases, were more frequent on the lips of men like Mr. Neely from the North than of those who had never been outside the South in their own selves, or in the persons of their ancestors, since Jamestown was settled.

It seemed somewhat of a coincidence, then, with Mr. Neely's previous remarks, that Mr. Arthur should say now, loving Alice as he did, and answering her very thoughts:

"I do not wish to speak of myself. Here in God's providence I am. Not a day, or a moment of the day, that I do not feel how painful a thing it is to differ from public sentiment, especially from the sentiments of those among whom we have lived all our lives, than whom there are none in all the world whom we esteem or love more. I have done my very best to become a Secessionist, but I can not. I have done my utmost to believe, at least to hope that, after all, the Confederate Government will be a success and a blessing to the South. For my life I can not think so. I can not get away to Europe, and if I could I would feel very much like Jonah on his way to Tarshish, storm or no storm. No, I am in charge here as a minister of the Gospel. So long as I am permitted to do so, I will continue the duties of my office, obeying faithfully the Scripture directions as to the Government over me. I was, I may almost say, in agonies of mind at first. I am getting used to it. I have within me such a settled sense that I could not have acted otherwise than I have done that I am coming to feel as quiet in mind as a man can be—a kind of solid quiet greater than I ever possessed before. And my experience, though I am not so situated as to have correspondence, or the least intercourse in any way, with one of them, is that of perhaps thousands of my brethren in the ministry at the South, and, in some respects, of hundreds of thousands of the very best men, all Southern men, and destined to do a great work in and for the South yet. But if I knew this hour, Miss Alice, that I was the only Southern man in the whole South entertaining the sentiments I do, I could entertain them not a jot the less for that. It may be my misfortune, it may be my crime, it certainly is my case. As to the future of myself and of my country I am learning to leave the whole in the Hands that *are* managing it, perfectly satisfied in advance as to the result. You must really excuse me, Miss Alice," he added, with a smile. "It is the first time I have spoken to you thus of myself. I assure you it shall be the last time. It has only happened so, you see. You must endure it as one of the accidents of this rainy day."

But Alice did not hear these last words. It was only a few days ago that she had been reading Milton, and why she knew not, but the lines were passing through her mind as he spoke:

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he:
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single."

Her head drooped until the plume of her riding-cap almost concealed her face. But, at last, Edward Arthur said nothing to her of himself which she did not know already, and know fully as well as he did himself. She stood still, occupied with the shred of cotton on the ground at her feet. But no longer cutting at it as before, moving it rather hither and thither with the lash of her riding-whip, lovingly, caressingly even, as if it were some living thing which she would not hurt for the world.

"No, but Miss Alice, what I want to know" —Mrs. Warner had said to her in the court-house where the ladies met to work for the soldiers only the week before, and it was after a long stretch of remark by Mrs. Warner on the one topic—"what I want to know is just this: do you not believe that the Yankees, invading our country, burning our homes, killing our women and children, are worse than the very devils in hell?"

"How should I know, Mrs. Warner?" Alice had replied. "I have never been to the abode of the evil spirits you speak of. I never saw a devil in my life. If I was to come upon a person possessed with one I would keep as far off from —dear me, you must excuse me, I must go and get Mrs. Sorel yonder to give me some more thread."

"I tell you, Dr. Warner," Mrs. Warner remarked to her husband at supper that night, "there is something wrong about that Alice Bowles. Her mother, Mrs. Bowles, such a genuine Southern woman, too. You are their family physician, and sure enough I am your influence on her has not been favorable for the South. You are the plague and misery of my life with your milk-and-water way of thinking and talking, or rather not talking at all upon the subject. How a man of your years, one who reads the papers every day, can be as mild as you are! And, then, knowing *my* feelings on the subject, hearing every day and hour of your life all *I* say —I do believe it is just to cross me. Because I am so strong for the South you are exactly the opposite!" Which statement, by-the-by, was not far from the truth. But Dr. Warner only ate his supper with the shower-bath droop about the head, and nathless so endured.

"Alice's father was a stanch Secessionist years ago," mused Mrs. Warner, aloud, striking her tea-spoon against her empty cup. "That is his portrait hanging up in their parlor, grand enough to look at; only it's a pity he couldn't have left a few more negroes to his wife and children. There's Rutledge Bowles, Mrs. Bowles is so everlastingly talking about. A worthless, drinking, gambling fellow, there in Charleston, if half I've heard about him is true. He'd better be here at home making money for his mother. But he's a good Secessionist, was active in the taking of Fort Sumter there at Charleston. Did Alice ever visit the North?" asked Mrs. Warner, suddenly.

"I believe not," replied her husband.

"Because it always has the worst effect on Southern people. Spending the summer at the North! I reckon that old cry is over. I never was out of the South! And a far better Southern man *you* would be, Dr. Warner, if you had never spent that time in Philadelphia, attending medical lectures. If I only had my way," said Mrs. Warner, for the three thousandth time, "no Southern citizen should ever visit the North on any pretext. Nor Europe either, for that matter; they are just as rank Abolitionists there as at the North. Won't recognize us on account of Slavery, Yancey said there in his speech in New Orleans! Yes, if I had my way I'd build a wall a hundred feet high all round the South, in real earnest; nobody should go out and nobody should come in. To think how they used to flood the country with their books and papers and peddlers and things! Hang them!"

"I am sure Alice has taken an active part," began the Doctor.

"Presenting that flag? Sewing, and singing at concerts for the soldiers, and all that?" interrupted his wife. "There's something wrong for all that. I began to think so that day she opposed having a lottery for the assistance of that regiment. It was against the rules of religion, she said, and there is a law of the State—wonder how she came to know that?—expressly prohibiting it. As if any body would dare enforce such a law these days. And as if Brother Barker himself did not go in for it, and have the meeting to arrange for it in the very church. But, opposed or not, we had it any how. No, I know exactly how it is," said Mrs. Warner, in a lower and more intense tone, peering at her husband under mysterious eyebrows, and shaking the tea-spoon at him like the thyrsus of a magician. "It is *Mr. Arthur!* Haven't I got eyes? Never tell me! And he living there for years, now; helping her in her studies, and all that stuff. He's gone to live at Mrs. Sorel's, I know. He doesn't visit at Mrs. Bowles hardly at all. I met their boy Charles on the street and asked him only the other day. I know they ain't engaged, for I asked Mr. Arthur himself when he was here last. But there's something wrong in Alice's mind about Secession, and it came there just in that way, you mark my words. And how people—you among them—*will* continue to go and hear him preach these days is more than I can understand. For my part I'd just as soon—"

But we have no disposition to share in Dr. Warner's martyrdom.

A very smart woman was Mrs. Warner. Long and unwearying investigations into the affairs of others had given her a remarkable power of insight. Who will deny all of her reasonings in this matter? The being a Union man involved, at that period of the war, in general estimation, the being either a fool or a knave. Now Alice could not believe that Mr. Arthur was either, so that her faith in the desperate depravity of Unionism may have thereby been shaken. And there was Mrs. Sorel too, such an old friend, one whom she had so long loved and esteemed, a South Carolinian too; her sentiments were all against Secession. It only happened so, you see. But was ever fly entangled in a web so terrible? It was Spenser's ever old and forever new Song of the Fair Una traveling through the wildernesses. Ah, how dark and brambly the way! Consider this Southern girl—for hers is but one case of how many thousands of her sex: born on the bosom of the old era, tended by it from birth with its ten thousand tenderest touches; all the deep aversion of early and life-long prejudice repelling her from the bringers-on of the new era; all the warmest sympathies natural to the bosom with soil invaded, kindred slain, valor struggling against overwhelming odds: add to this the ever-present force of an almost universal enthusiasm. And the new era dawning over her, with skies so dim and with hints so vague of its coming clearness. Happy are those whose lot is in the centre, say, of one era—Luther's parents, let us instance. Happier still those who live in the centre of the era which follows—those possessed of a perfected Protestantism, we will say. But the transition period between the two eras—how stormy and full of all perplexity! In every transition period the perplexity lies not without only—it is within one's own bosom that the shadow is darkest, its strife bitterest. Easy enough to do the right when a sincere soul but *knows* the right—the agony is to know with sufficient clearness what *is* the right.

If one dare plagiarize from Brother Barker his mode of finding the times in prophecy, we might be tempted as we read to let finger and eye linger upon this prophecy as bearing upon the days of Secession: "It shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark; but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night: but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." Only look in Brother Barker's little black Bible. You will find the margin of the two verses immediately before this passage is all worn away. Brother Barker, standing in the pulpit a hundred times during Secession, has kept the fore-finger of his left hand pressed just there, holding on like an anchor to the passage, while all the rest of his body swung about wildly in a tempest of declamation, proving that therein Secession and its glories were set forth with a distinctness which left only the inference of judicial blindness upon those who could not see it. Let us do the brother justice; only recognize the fact that the passage in question does refer to Secession, and it is striking, very striking indeed. However, Brother Barker never put *our* interpretation upon—if you have curiosity to look them up—those sixth and seventh verses of the fourteenth Zechariah—the reverse, in fact.

The rain is falling less and less heavily upon the leaky roof of the old gin-house, if the parties within only knew it. Twenty times has the young minister said to himself, "No, Sir, no; this is neither the time nor the place." But there is something about the drooped head and the hue upon the cheek, even in the motion of the gloved hand holding the riding-whip, as it toys with the shred of cotton on the dust, that emboldens him. He has been speaking out his soul, his heart; and how soft and affecting are the tones of the voice when one does so!

"And, next to the approval of my own conscience, do I desire *your* approval," he is beginning to say, when Alice raises herself and looks across the old field plashy with water. She has heard nothing, but a woman's instinct of approaching danger is strong upon her. And at last she sees only a man on horseback hundreds of yards away riding slowly toward them. It is strange how swift the sex is in its reasonings and conclusions.

In the instant of seeing the approaching horseman she says, and she says it hurriedly:

"May I ask it as a special favor, Mr. Arthur, that you will mount your horse and leave me? You see the rain is over. Excuse me, but please do." How earnest she is!

Mr. Arthur hears, with sense of pleasure at the tones, but with surprise at the request.

"I know you will excuse me and comply with my request if you only knew why I ask it," she said, still more hurriedly, her eyes upon the horseman, her gloved hand resting upon his arm.

"Really, Miss Alice," her companion began.

"Oblige me this once, Mr. Arthur," she continued, in tones of entreaty and apprehension. "Yonder is Mr. Wright. You know his character and sentiments. I have a fear that he may be intoxicated—"

"You must excuse me, Miss Alice," interrupted Edward Arthur, gravely and coldly. "I understand your apprehension, but I can not do as you wish." And a flush almost of anger mounted to his temples.

It was too late. Alice busied herself with her pony, leading him in front of her companion, who assisted her to mount.

"Why, good-morning to you, Mr. Wright," said Alice to the horseman, who had now reached them, in tones of gayety singularly in contrast with those she had just used. "I will be glad of your escort back to your house. I *would* start this morning for home in spite of all Anne could do. But I have got wet; do let us make haste; the rain is over." And she lifted her reins, gathered in her hand as if to start, keeping herself, however, still between Mr. Arthur and the person she addressed.

With an "Excuse me, Miss Alice!" Edward Arthur struck her pony a slight blow with his riding-whip, and Mr. Wright, who had reined in his horse with drunken dignity, sat staring at him face to face.

Alonzo Wright. As refined and agreeable a gentleman as you could meet with any where when sober. When drunk, a devil incarnate. Long ago had he killed his first man. It was when he was intoxicated, and because he fancied at the time the individual in question, a merry youth of sixteen—Jim Hartley—was looking impertinently at him. Very rarely had he got drunk since then. But when he did become intoxicated the passion for killing some one again came upon him as a mania, as part and parcel of his drunkenness. It all took place before Mr. Wright removed to his present home; in fact he had come hither on that account; but, unless rumor lied more even than it usually does, if Jim Hartley was the first he was by no means the last man Mr. Wright had killed. Every body knew Alonzo Wright; and when drunk Nero on his throne had not courtiers more abject. That is, such of them as did not fly the spot. Shunned as his house was by almost every one except an unselect few, it was on that very account that Alice had felt specially drawn to poor Anne Wright, her school-fellow, and hence her visit to her.

As Alice anticipated, Mr. Wright was drunk, very drunk. How could it have been otherwise in Somerville last night after the arrival of such news? There had been a military prohibition on the sale of liquor in the place for several weeks now; but the authorities themselves "raised," as they styled it, "the blockade on whisky" to celebrate the glorious victory over M'Clellan. Men who never drank before got drunk in Somerville last night. Men whose whisky had been cut off for the months past drank last night in Somerville with the frenzy of long abstinence. Even Lamum was shocked at the state of Somerville last night, Tim Lamum, his nephew, wallowing and vomiting on his office floor in the experiences of his first "regular spree." And Mr. Wright, having an entire grocery abandoned to him during all last night, had so far killed no one. He was riding home with an unsatisfied craving in his heart, his loaded revolver ready for any emergency that might arise. Vague wrath slumbered in his bosom against whatever negro might come out to hold his horse as he should dismount at his gate. Not a negro on the place, however, but will find pressing business on the remotest part of the plantation when it is known that "Mass Lonny is comin'."

Such is Alonzo Wright, a slight-built, sandy-haired, pale-faced man, who now sits on his horse gazing upon the young minister, of whose presence he was not aware until Alice and her pony had moved from between them.

It all takes place as in a second of time.

"And who are you?" Mr. Wright says, with a sudden half-closing of his eyes and an oath.

Edward Arthur knows perfectly well who and what Alonzo Wright is. More than once has he been received with the most gentlemanly courtesy by Mr. Wright in visiting there. But that was months ago. Besides, it was under Mr. Wright's own roof; and, drunk as he is, were it under that roof he was now meeting Mr. Arthur, he would have treated him as a gentleman and a guest. But they are not in Mr. Wright's house; Mr. Wright is drunk, and this Mr. Arthur is strongly suspected of being a Union man. Nothing more abhorred by Mr. Wright even when sober than that.

"My name is Edward Arthur," replies that gentleman; but his manner is stern from his knowledge of the questioner and of what may follow.

"A preacher and an Abolitionist," says Mr. Wright, with a volley of oaths.

Mr. Arthur has nothing to reply, but has turned to the post at which his horse is tied, and is slowly unfastening him to return home.

"And now you are going to run, are you? what you Yankees always do. Hold on!" exclaims Mr. Wright, in a tone such as only men like those of his class can use. "Get out of the way!" he adds, with a cut of his whip across the head of Alice's pony, which she is endeavoring to ride between them. He hears not a word Alice says—is not aware of her existence. His eyes, almost shut, are fastened upon his prey.

"Look here," he adds, slowly, drawing his revolver from his girdle as he speaks, "I've got one boy away in the army fighting the Yankees. Ten to one he was killed in that last fight at Richmond. If there is any thing in this world I would like to do this morning it is to kill an Abolitionist. Now, you say 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' or you are a dead man."

Knowing his man, hearing that indescribable tone of his voice, Edward Arthur had no doubt that he meant what he said.

"Do, Mr. Arthur, for my sake, *my* sake, *my* sake," Alice keeps on repeating, still endeavoring to force her pony between them. But pony fears Mr. Wright's whip and shies off.

Unarmed, no chance of springing upon him before he can shoot, there is no alternative.

"Fire when you please, I will die first!" he replies, as pale, as cold, as rigid as a statue.

There is the sharp crack of a revolver, with Alice's shriek on the air. It may have been that Mr. Wright has been drunk too long, or that there was an extra quantity of strychnine in the whisky of last night; for the genuine liquor is running very low in these days of the blockade—but the bullet sings by Mr. Arthur's left ear, and he stands erect and unhurt. And next, what? He thinks of springing upon the desperado, but he knows there are five more charges in his weapon! Mr. Wright curses his nerves and again presents his weapon.

"One more chance, Abolitionist," he says, "'Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy'—out with it!"

The young minister has no reply at all to make this time. Pale, cold, rigid he fastens his eye, glittering like ice, upon that of Mr. Wright. No attention at all does that individual pay to Alice, who has leaped from her pony and stands at his side pulling with both hands at his coat, weeping and entreating. He keeps his weapon leveled at the forehead of his intended victim, his finger on the trigger full a minute.

There is neither flinching of muscle nor quailing of eye there. The desperado slowly lowers his weapon. "Well!" he exclaims, with an oath, "you are as brave as a man can be. I'll do you that justice if you are an Abolitionist: I could not kill even old Lincoln himself if he was looking me as straight in the eyes. We'll cry quits if you say so;" and he rose in his stirrup to replace his weapon comfortably in its sheath at his waist.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Arthur, sternly, "I am not a specially brave man that I am aware of. But it happens to me just now that I am not particularly in love with this world, and I am, I trust, prepared for the other. Besides, I am not in your hands or in those of any other man; now, as always, I am in the hands only of God."

"It looked very much as if God had turned you over to me just now; one touch of my finger on that trigger and you would have been in the other world sure enough. However, we won't quarrel about it. Ah, this is you, Miss Alice," he continued, "is it? You must really pardon me any rudeness. But we do not capture a M'Clellan and his entire army every day"—the ruffian instantly lost now in the polished gentleman. "Shall we ride? Anne will be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Wright," said Alice, who was by this time seated again on her pony, "I believe I will ride on home; Mr. Arthur will be kind enough to escort me. Good-morning;" and the two rode slowly off, leaving Mr. Wright carefully buttoning up his waistcoat to protect his cherished weapon from the damp, hesitating but what he ought to use it yet. And long sits Mr. Wright upon his horse, looking after them as they ride away, doubtful in reference to the course he has pursued in failing to kill some one, especially the chance, in his very hands, too, of having neglected to kill a Union man! Dissatisfied Alonzo Wright is with the event and with himself. Stop! Ten to one some of the hands have been up to something on the place since he left yesterday. Want to be free, do they? Only one good chance at any one of them—and with appetite quickened by new hope of food, Mr. Wright spurs from under the old gin, and rides rapidly home through the drizzle.

Alice rode along the miry way in silence, weeping and mirth struggling with and neutralizing each other in her bosom. It is remarkable how little these two can find to say to each other under the circumstances all the way to Mrs. Bowles's front gate in Somerville. Mr. Arthur is almost haughty in his bearing, certainly very cold and quiet. And so, assisting her from her pony, they part, Mr. Arthur declining to enter the house on the plea of neglected studies.

Yet all the way to Mrs. Bowles, and when he parted with Alice at the gate, our clerical friend fancies that his companion sits on her pony with a form more erect, and the morning as of a new purpose breaking on her face. "Only fancy, I dare say," he said to himself as he rode homeward, "only fancy!"

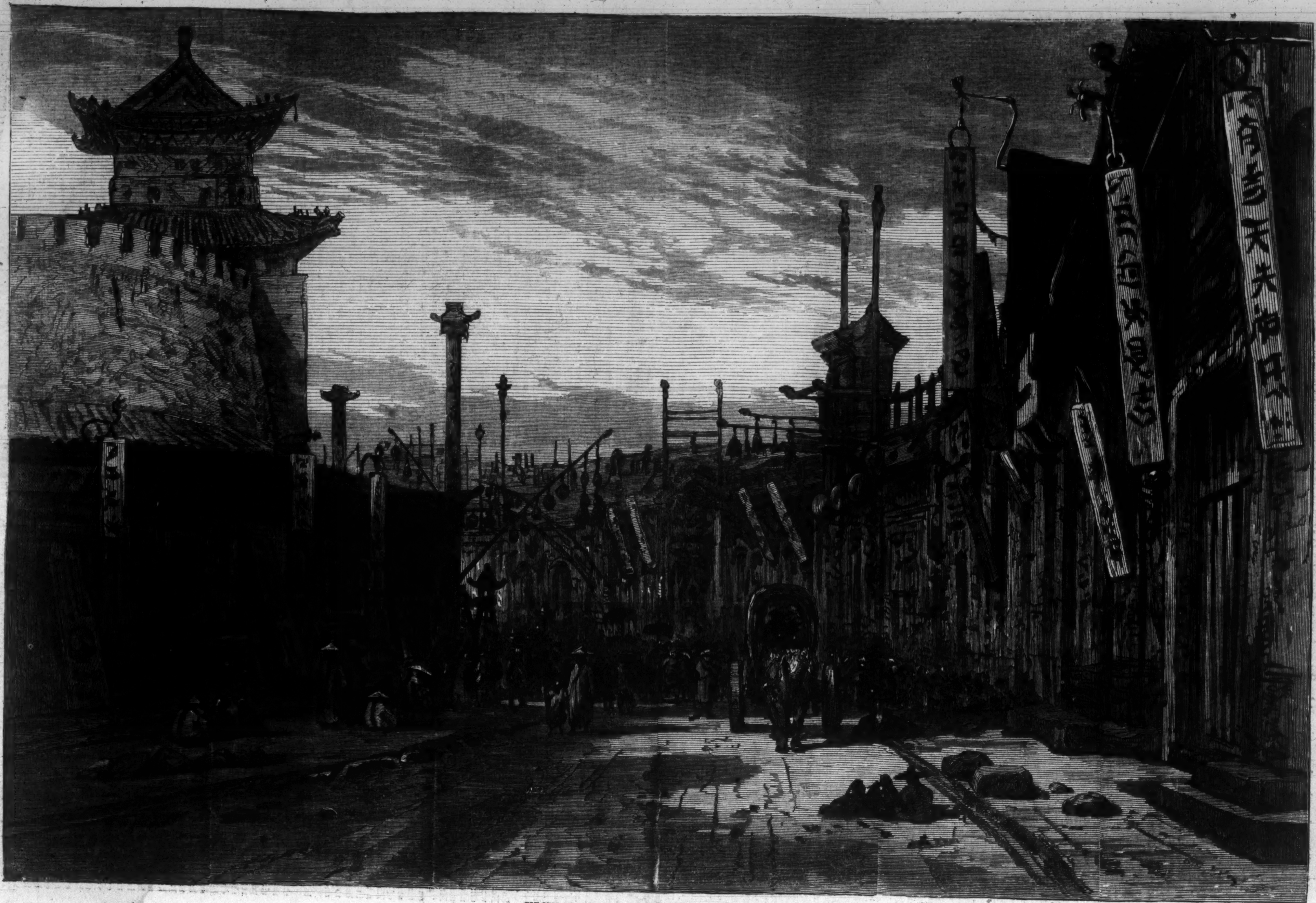
"Proud? For any one to speak of my being *proud!*" Alice says to herself, as she stands in her room, her hand wandering mechanically about the fastenings of her hat. Unconscious of herself utterly, because so conscious of another, and that other not Mr. Bezaleel Neely either, immaculate Secessionist though Mr. Neely is! Four years since the writer has seen a copy of Tennyson—not a copy at present in hundreds of miles, from memory let the lines be ventured:

"Love took up the harp of life, struck on all chords with might,
Struck the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

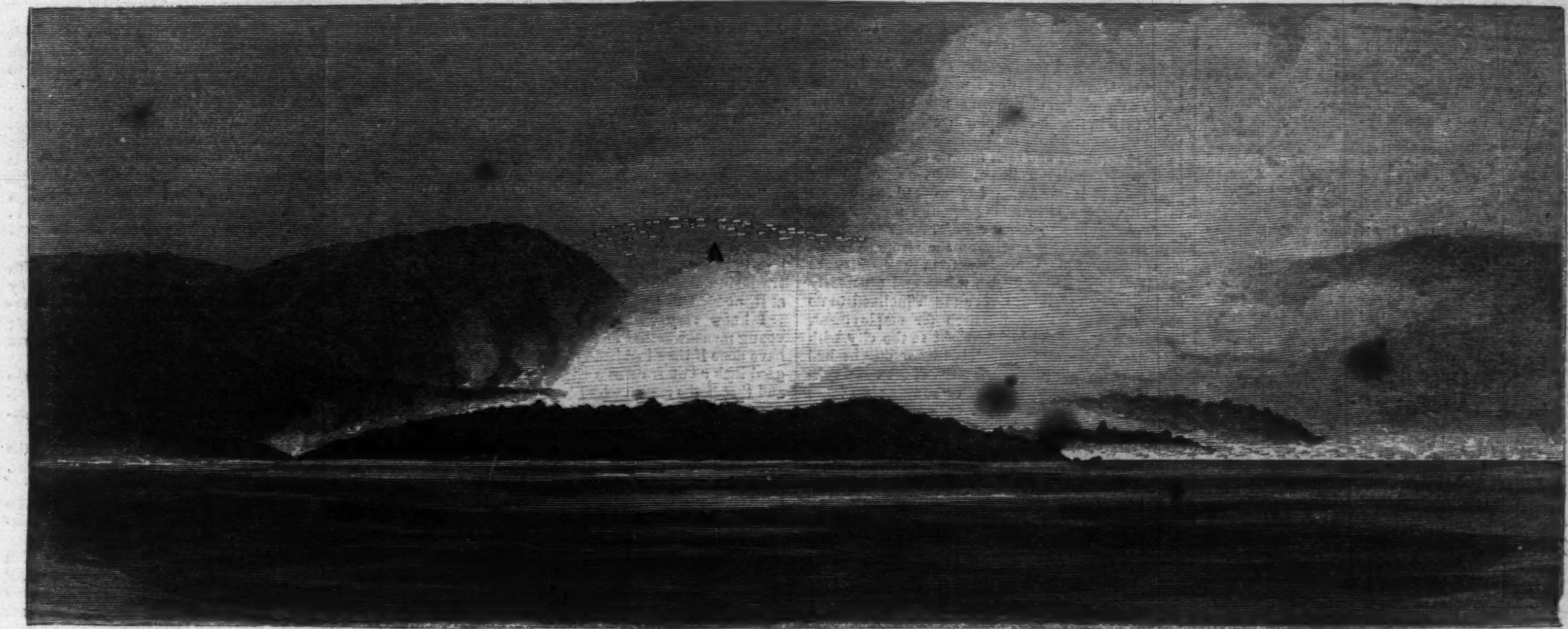
CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN.

Our engraving on page 216 will give the reader some idea of the extraordinary bizarre aspect of the capital of the Celestial Empire. Can any thing be more strange and fantastic to American eyes than this Circular Street of Pekin? We can hardly realize the multifariously quaint and grotesque peculiarities of the scene before us. The comparison of Pekin to an immense fair especially holds good in streets such as this, composed of shops where the custom every where is to attract attention from your neighbor by hanging out signs of all forms and descriptions, and in every direction, representing the kind of articles, goods, and merchandise sold within, and bearing names and announcements written in the picturesque Chinese characters, yellow and gold, on silk, or stuff, or calico, till the street is more gay than a fleet dressed with flags for a Royal reception; signs, slung gibbet-wise or like strained pennants into the street; or suspended obliquely like a barber's pole; or dangling from a flag-staff like a streamer or the French oriflamme; or perched on the top of a mast; together with a thousand other devices of inexhaustible grotesqueness. Add to all this the ceaseless irregularity of the façades or the tent-like houses with horned eaves like a pagoda; then people your caravanserai with the strangest race on earth, and you may form an idea of the Quadrant of Pekin.

Pekin consists of two cities—a northern and a southern.



CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN, CHINA.—[See Page 215.]



VIEW OF VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORIN, WITH THE TOWN OF THERA IN THE BACK-GROUND.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORIN.

Our American Consul at Athens, Mr. Canfield, sends us two photographic views of the extraordinary convulsion which recently took place at Santorin, in the Grecian Archipelago. We give a few extracts from Mr. Canfield's letter, followed by a detailed description of the marvelous event, translated from a Greek paper:

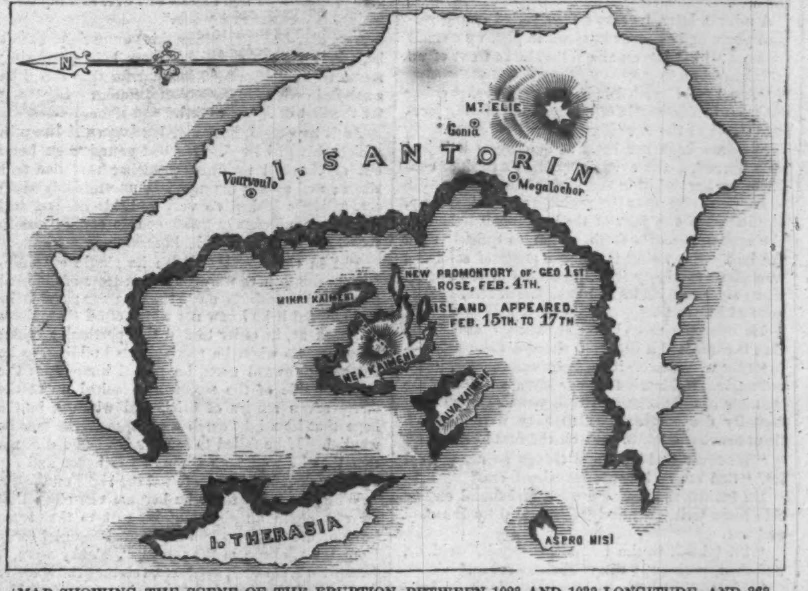
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Athens, *February* 23, 1866.

I send you herewith two photographs of New Kaimeni, taken by the best photographer here, who accompanied the Commission sent by the Government to see the eruption of the submarine volcano, of which the inside coasts of Therasin and Santorin form the internal walls of the crater. I also send you a very perfect map made by an officer of the Topographical Engineers, on which are indicated the part of the island sunk and the new elevation.

The view showing the act of eruption was taken from Old Kaimeni, and where you see a smooth sea, along the edges of which thin vapor is rising, there has now grown up a little island. The new promontory is a tongue of land running out between two little inlets or bays, in the larger of which the little island, and on the smaller the promontory, George I., has sprung up. Beyond the smoke may be seen the town of Thera, about 2½ miles from the eruption, on the island of Santorin.

The other photograph represents the part of the island which is sinking, and the white house in the water up to the windows shows their peculiar style of building, which the Santorins, with their Bœotian faculties, have succeeded in inventing. The black mass, forming the principal object in the picture, is the new promontory now at rest. The pools in the sinking portion of Kaimeni are the lakes of fresh water mentioned in the following description by Decigala.



MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE ERUPTION, BETWEEN 102° AND 103° LONGITUDE, AND 36° AND 37° LATITUDE.

This description is a translation of the first observer, J. Decigala, published in Greek in the newspapers of Syra. It is interesting as being the production of the only man on the island of Santorin who can read and write.

An ex-minister of the marine, who came from Syra, told me, as the latest news, that heavy shocks of earthquake had taken place at Santorin, and the whole gulf seemed one mass of smoke. The Government has sent a Commission to investigate the subject. I saw to-day letters from two members who agree in surmising every thing up to this date as merely prelusory, and give it as their opinion that a new island will rise, bursting forth with magnificent eruptions of lava streams.

The rock I have seen from these eruptions seems halfway between basalt and lava, is black, and on the fracture presents minute crystals of feldspar.

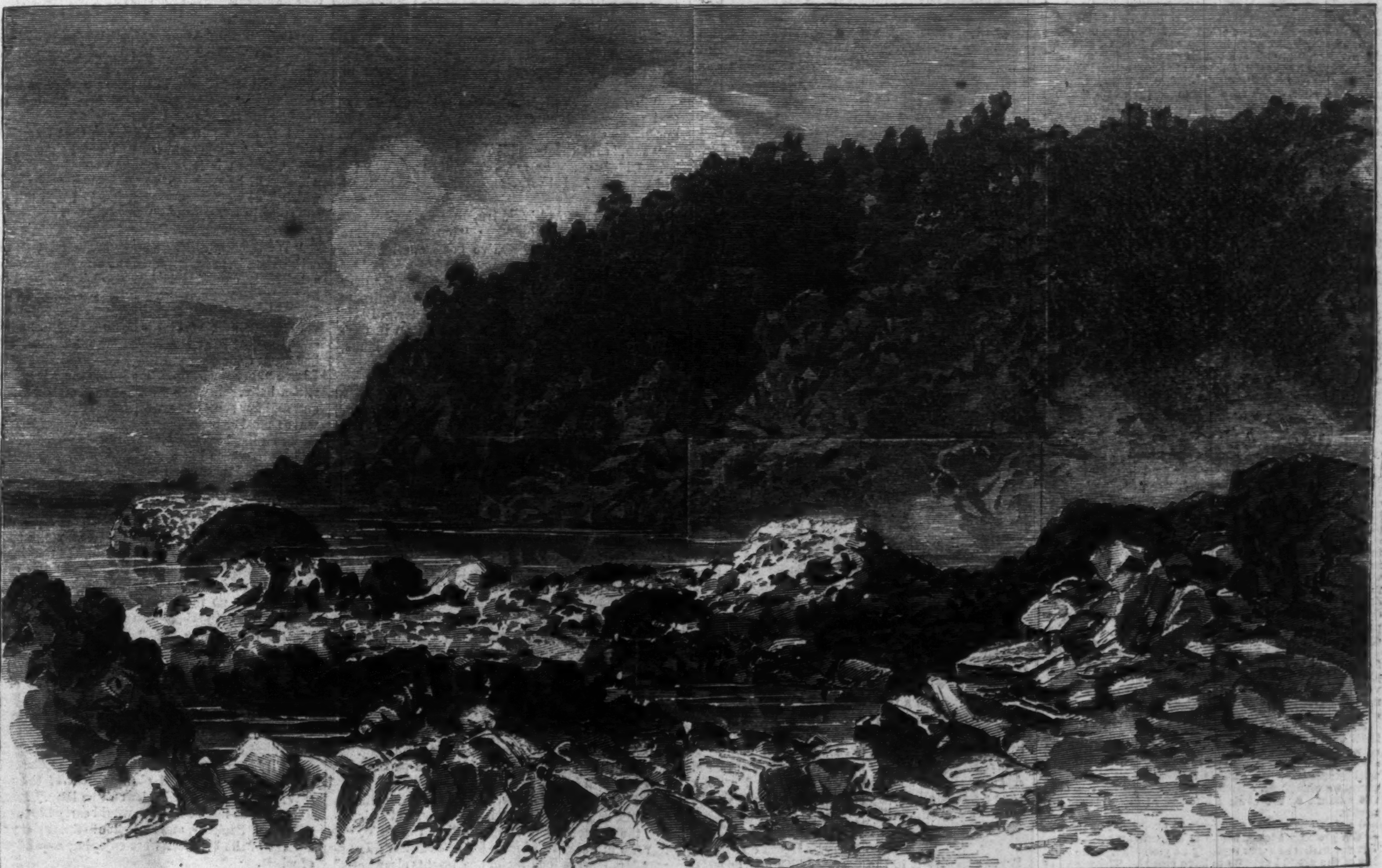
In the description which follows the reader should bear in mind that a metre nearly corresponds to the English yard, being 39½ inches.

DECIGALA'S ACCOUNT.

To the Monarch of the Cyclades:

Santorin, *January* 23, 1866.

A remarkable phenomenon has for several days occupied the attention of the inhabitants of Santorin. On the 18th instant a low rumbling sound was heard from time to time in New Kaimeni, and especially at the place called Vulcano, where are the mineral waters. At the same time stones detached from different parts of the island were constantly falling about. The morning of the 19th cracks could be seen on the walls of buildings, as also in the ground and the newly erected quay. Toward noon the rumblings



ERUPTION AT SANTORIN—VIEW SHOWING THE SUNKEN PORTION OF NEW KAIMENI IN THE FORE-GROUND, AND BEYOND THE NEW PROMONTORY OF GEORGE I.

began to be more frequent, till they sounded like successive discharges of artillery. In the little harbor of Vulcano the sea was violently agitated, and an innumerable multitude of bubbles rose incessantly from the depths. At the same time we could see on its surface and on its borders white vapors giving an odor of sulphur. The afternoon of the same day the boiling of the sea increased, and the ground on the beach commenced gradually to sink down. The morning of the 20th, about five o'clock, flames, forming a conical fire of 10 to 15 square metres at the base and from 4 to 5 in height, were seen on the sea. After an hour they entirely disappeared. We then went upon the spot with the sub-prefect and some others to make a nearer examination of the phenomenon. We then saw that the whole southwestern part of New Kaimeni was shattered to pieces. A chasm, commencing at the western shore near the port of St. George and directing itself toward the east, divided in two equal portions the conically formed hill and almost the entire island. Other numberless rents, some running from east to west, others from north to south, separated into a number of parts the ground of the whole southwestern portion of the island. This land, which is formed not of layers of earth but of an accumulation of volcanic stones and sand, or rather of the powder of basaltic rocks, was always very dry and in no way susceptible of vegetation. We saw here four little lakes of pure water, whose size was slowly increasing; for having measured the largest of all, which had hardly an area of 12 square metres, we saw its waters rise five centimetres within four hours. We advanced toward the focus of the volcanic action and perceived a sulphurous odor like that of rotten eggs. White and suffocating vapors arose from the agitated sea, and from time to time we saw spots appear of greenish color, proving that the vapors which arose were of hydro-sulphurous and hydro-phosphoric nature. The ground was constantly shaken, though it subsided very slowly, directing itself toward the interior of the port in question. This depression of the ground was much more perceptible toward the western portion than the eastern: this last showed a depression of hardly three metres, while the western portion had sunk more than six metres. This subsidence, as I have said, took place insensibly and gradually; for having measured the surface of the waters at the moment of our arrival and that of our departure, we saw that in the space of four hours the soil of the western portion had sunk sixty centimetres (about three-fifths of a yard).

The sea was agitated and red, like water containing a great quantity of argillaceous mud. Its temperature was that of the rest of the sea, but it tasted bitter, and when taken up in a transparent vessel appeared turbid. The effervescence was very great, and doubtless came from the abundant springs containing sulphate of iron, which spirted up with force from its depths, accompanied with much noise from the gases escaping with violence. About 5 P.M. of the same day we felt at Santorin a slight shock.

The night of the 20th and 21st the sea around New Kaimeni was milky white on its surface, and on the interior of the little harbor we could see at intervals flames of red color which continued some minutes, while in the harbor of St. George a rapid current was formed which prevented the vessels from going out, especially against the south wind, which blew directly into the entrance of the port. The four lakes formed in the morning were a little larger, and five others containing very clear and sweet water had appeared, while the subsidence of the ground gradually continued, though less rapidly on the shore east of the chasm, where it was estimated at 10 centimetres per hour. All the remaining buildings of the island are now full of cracks; the old ruptures have increased and new ones made their appearance, but always on the southwest side of the island, and nowhere beyond the port of St. George. The low rumbling continues, and slight quakings of the soil near Vulcano continue to take place at intervals. The boiling sea afterward became lukewarm, and its violence was such that it rendered the approach of boats impossible. The odor of sulphur was carried by the south wind as far as Santorin. The gulls and other sea birds, which on the first day had assembled in numerous flocks to feast upon the dead and dying fish which floated on the surface of the gulf, did not appear at all on the 21st.

In the night of the 21st and 22d we saw from time to time flames in the chasm, and principally on the west coast, whence in the morning there was seen to proceed without interruption a cloud of white but thick smoke. The subsidence of the ground continued with the same slowness to-day. The rents, and particularly those south of the conical hill, enlarged sensibly. The water in all the lakes, with the exception of one alone, became salt and bitter, and the sea-water of Vulcano scalding hot, as also the rocks of the neighboring shores, while the boiling and the heat transmit themselves beyond the chasm to the west of its western arm, under which appears to be the focus of the volcanic action. The heating of the sea has extended to almost the entire Gulf of Santorin. Last night the odor and smoke became more intense, and at times red flames are seen at the centre of volcanic action, and the smoke became thicker and of deeper color. These flames, which occasionally diminished, continued an hour and a half, after which they disappeared, and we see in the same place a shoal appear, which gradually increases. I am going on the spot to examine there these curious phenomena.

P.S.—N. C., *Jan.* 23, 11.30 A.M.—The reef has been changed to an island, to which I was unable to approach very closely on account of the temperature and the boiling of the water. I approached, however, on the land side within a distance of ten paces, and could observe all with perfect attention. The sight is a magnificent one, and the more agreeable since, without the least danger, we can see the island gradually increasing. The smoke, although thick, and rising in abundance from all parts of the rising island, has neither a disagreeably strong odor nor a very high temperature, and in no way impedes the respiration. There are no flames to be seen, and even the boards of huts destroyed by the subsidence, or belonging to the little vessels long since sunk in this port, and to-day raised with the bottom of the sea, appear attached to the rocks on the surface of the island, preserving themselves in the midst of the smoke without being at all burned. There are no quakings of the ground to be noticed. There is no noise. The stones are not thrown up into the air; but the island develops itself quietly in the form of a bubble, from inside to outside, with such rapidity that I can readily mark with the eye the gradual increase, although unable to distinguish in what manner the stones arise which are successively added.

Now, as I am writing, I estimate the height of the islet at from 15 to 20 metres, and its size 20 to 25 metres in length by 8 to 10 in breadth. The subsidence of the neighboring soil appears to-day to have been arrested. The water of the entire Gulf of Santorin is, as yesterday, colored and thick. On the shores of New Kaimeni it is lukewarm, while on the spot where the eruption takes place, and on the west of Vulcano, along its exterior shores, it is in a state of constant effervescence. It is singular that these volcanic phenomena have as yet exercised no influence on the island of Santorin, except a slight shock, which made itself felt at five o'clock the morning of the 20th instant. The meteorologic condition has never exercised any influence upon these phenomena; for whether calm, or when violent winds were blowing from different points of the compass, or even amidst the rain, they have continued to operate alike.

3 P.M.—The island has increased to nearly double its former size. It directs itself apparently away from the place where it made its appearance. I do not believe any volcanic eruption has ever shown itself as mild and benevolent toward its beholders. God grant it may remain so until its close!

Jan. 24.—This night the island has continued to form itself with the same tranquillity. Its stones are luminous, so as to resemble a great heap of burning coals. The smoke which rises is equally luminous, so that it might well be compared to a comet's tail. Some of the lakelets present a phosphoric gleam, and from the great chasm at the summit of the conical hill rise at intervals reddish flames.

6 A.M.—The smoke augments in proportion to the size of the growing island, which is continually progressing, but not with the same rapidity as yesterday. The sinking of the ground appears to have ceased. The waters of the sea are as yesterday—those of the whole gulf colored and troubled. Fortunately the day is fine, and I am going on the spot to admire again from the nearest spot this beautiful and magnificent sight.

J. Decigala.

AN APRIL FOOL.

Ira Hart had been foolish enough, in the first place, to leave his father's pleasant farm on the edge of the village of Brownville, and come to New York City in search of employment. Setting aside the motives which do mostly influence young men to leave farm-life and seek the life of cities—which motives settle the question of folly for a good many young men—it *was* foolish in our friend Ira to come to a city where labor-seeking young men are "as thick as flies in a molasses cask," and expect to get a recognition of his merits on the strength of his own honesty of purpose. Boys from the country are constantly doing this foolish thing, and constantly repenting it, as Ira was very much inclined to do after three weeks' vain search for employment. The little money he had brought to the city with him was nearly all gone—notwithstanding he had lived very quietly in an attic room of Mrs. M'Packer's boarding-house, instead of running up hotel bills.

It was the first of April, and Ira came out of his boarding-house and walked up the street, debating with himself as to what direction his efforts for the day should take; for he was unrelaxing in his endeavors to obtain employment, day after day.

He had not gone three rods before he was aware of being an object of interest to a cluster of juveniles who danced and grinned delightedly in his vicinity. Remembering that it was the first of April, Ira put his hand behind him and quietly removed a slip of white paper from his coat-tail, to which it had been hooked with a bent pin.

"April fool!" sang out the boys; and the inscription on the paper corroborated their view of the case.

A minute later, he saw a poorly-clad young woman pause and stoop over, about to pick up a small package which lay on the sidewalk in front of an unfinished building.

"April fool!" yelled half-a-dozen boys, popping out from behind a pile of bricks, and pointing jeering fingers at the stooping girl.

She drew back her hand as quickly as if it had been burned, and moved away with a flush of confusion on her sad, thin face.

Ira went idly up to the package and picked it up, unmindful of the jeers of the urchins, hilarious at the appearance of a fresh victim so quickly after the last. Supposing it to be a paper of sand, Ira was about to empty it into the mud of the gutter, when something in its feeling deterred him. It did not feel like sand.

He opened one end of the package, and found that it contained a little red shoe—a baby's shoe—together with some bits of baby embroidery, and a red rattle. Evidently the boys knew nothing of the contents of the package, which some one had accidentally dropped, and which they were none of them brave enough to open on the first of April.

"Whoever tied up these things so neat," said Ira, "tied 'em up because he valued 'em."

He turned the package over, and found on one side some writing, nearly obliterated by the mud and wet.

"I'll take it to the house and dry it," said he, and then, perhaps, I can read the writing."

So he walked back to Mrs. M'Packer's, and descended straightway to the kitchen, knowing there was no fire in the house that mild day except that which burned in the kitchen-range. The cook was gracious, and did not resent the intrusion; indeed she wiped a chair with her apron, and placed it by the range for our friend. Bridget liked a civil word as well as her betters, and Ira was always courteous to servants—a result of his country breeding, perhaps. I am not sure but Ira was more at home in the kitchen than he was in the parlor up stairs, where the boarders sometimes quizzed his rural airs, especially Mr. Strutt, the dandy bachelor of 35, who furnished the waggery for Mrs. M'Packer's establishment by common consent.

The mud being dried, Ira was able to read the inscription on the paper: "J. G. Bandrol, No. — Broad Street, New York City." The package had evidently come through the mail. There was a post-mark dimly visible, and a space where there had been postage-stamps, now soaked off.

Ira resolved to take the package at once to its address. That was a part of the city he wanted to "beat up" to-day. He found the owner of the package in the counting-room of a large grocery wholesale house, at the designated number.

Mr. Bandrol took the package with eager hands.

"Where did you find it?"

Ira told him.

"You saw the notice in the *Herald* this morning, I suppose?"

"No, Sir; I saw no notice."

"What? You didn't see the reward offered? Then how'd you happen to think it worth your while to bring a little mess of stuff like that all this distance? You couldn't expect a reward?"

"I didn't come for any reward, Sir," said Ira, moving away. "But—" he stopped and turned about, "since I am here, I'll just ask you if you've any work for a young man. That's an honest question that I'm asking at every chance I get."

"No; there's no vacancy with us."

"Then I bid you good-day, Sir."

"Hold on!" said Mr. Bandrol. "You'll be looking up the notice and coming back after the reward. You may as well take it now. Here!"

He handed Ira a ten-dollar bill.

"Reward!" said Ira, turning the clean greenback over and over in his hand. "No, Sir," handing back the bill, "I prefer to *earn* my money."

Mr. Bandrol looked at him with some surprise. A clerk sitting at a tall desk exchanged a wink with a fellow clerk, which said, as plainly as words, "Here's a green one!"

"There!" said Mr. Bandrol, without taking the money, "you better run along. If you don't want it you can give it to the poor. If it's any consolation to you—you seem to be a supersensitive young man—I'll just say to you that I wouldn't take a hundred dollars of any man's money for that little mess of rubbish. My wife has nearly cried her eyes out over its loss. Go along; give the money to the beggar-woman on the corner if you like."

"Very well, Sir," and Ira left the office.

"John," said Mr. Bandrol to a porter, "call that young man back."

John obeyed.

"Give me your address," said the merchant to Ira; "if I hear of any place for you I'll send you word. What do you want to do?"

"I can keep a set of books, Sir," said Ira, "or I can roll a hogshead or shoulder a barrel. I'm not afraid of work."

Mr. Bandrol handed him a pen, and motioned him to write his address on a slip of paper, which Ira did in a clear round hand. The merchant looked at it, nodded, and put the slip away.

I know very well what nine out of every ten young men—whether city or country born—would have done if they had had Ira Hart's little piece of good luck; but Ira was a trifle peculiar, you see—and that is the reason why I happen to have a story to tell. If there were not once in a while a green and peculiar young man to relieve the dead level of commonplace young men, I don't know what would become of the story-tellers, I'm sure.

The absurd and extraordinary idea which found a lodgment in this young man's brain, as he stood at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, thinking over his April Fool adventure, was something like this:

"That pale-faced girl who was about to pick up the little package *would* have picked it up if those boys had not yelled 'April fool' at her, and frightened her away. She would have returned it, and got this money that's now in my pocket. By good rights then the money is hers; and I'll find her and give it to her. I don't know as I ever saw my duty plainer before me in my life."

A regular-built greenhorn this young chap, wasn't he, Charley Fastboy? And now he'll go poking round the neighborhood looking for that girl, like a needle in one of his father's haystacks. Big thing for the first of April, ain't it?

As it happened, however, Ira knew the house in which this girl lived. He had seen her go in or out of the tall tenement building three or four times; and as her manner was uncommonly modest, and she looked so very sad, his interest had been just sufficiently awakened to enable him to recall the place now he had occasion.

But in that building, with its single entrance-door in front, there were perhaps a score of different households—perhaps more than a score; and if he had entered it he knew not which of all those doors to knock at, in order to find this particular young woman. So when he reached the building, as he did along toward noon, he posted himself on the opposite side of the street, and looked up at the dizzy seven stories of brick and window, in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of the face he wanted. If he failed to see her Ira had a dim notion that he would go through the house and rap at every door in it till he found the right one.

While he stood there he became conscious that he was again an object of interest to that same bevy of urchins who had frightened the girl away from the package in the morning. They were, it was plain from their gestures, relating the sportive incident of the morning to a new-comer, an older boy, clearly a boot-black by profession, and a bully among these youngsters. Presently the boot-black sang out, with the peculiar drawl of his tribe:

"Hwhat! *Who* did? Who hollered April fool at *her?* I'll whack 'im in de snoot fer it! Who hollered at *her?*"

Ira caught this up quickly. He went over to the boys.

"You know that girl who was going to pick up that package this morning just before I picked it up?"

"Yas," said the boot-black; "you bet I knows 'er. Didn't she give me some bully soup when I had the fever? I'll whack any feller what hollered at *her.*"

"That's your sort!" said Ira, diplomatically, patting the boy on the shoulder; "but just show me to her door, will you? I've got something for her."

"Well, I donno," said the boy, looking Ira over with a precociously knowing squint, and seeming to hesitate. "Yer a stranger to me, mister. But," he suddenly added, "I guess yer ain't on it, nayther—*I* don't mind! The young lady ain't to home, though."

"She isn't?"

"No. She goes out er sewin' day-times, an' stays home nights. Come roun' t'-night 'bout seven an' I'll be here waitin' fer yer."

This conversation took place in the doorway of the tenement building in question; and Mr. Strutt, our hero's fellow-boarder—he of the terrible wit—beheld the participants therein as he passed the corner of the street on his way to dinner.

"I saw you in the doorway of a mansion in an adjoining street to-day, Mr. Hart," said Strutt, at the dinner-table, winking to his friends as much as to say he had a capital thing on the young man from the country now; "had you been calling on some friends or relatives there?"

"What do you mean?" said Ira, blushing violently, as he was fatally prone to do when directly addressed in the presence of all those elegantly conducted ladies and gentlemen at Mrs. M'Packer's.

"I mean the tenement house in —— Street, where I saw you a few minutes ago," said Strutt, smiling blandly. "Relatives there?"

"No," said Ira, eating his dinner industriously.

"Ah, only friends?" persisted the tormentor.

"No, there's nobody there I know in particular," said Ira, still blushing deeply.

"Then, Mrs. M'Packer," said Strutt, laying down his knife and fork with much solemnity, and addressing the majestic lady at the head of the table, "I fear we are about to lose a fellow-boarder. I suspect Mr. Hart is looking for apartments elsewhere."

At this surprising scintillation of wit a titter ran round the table at our hero's expense.

"It's none of your business what I was doing there, Mr. Strutt," said Ira, with a sudden energy that drove the blood all out of the dandy bachelor's face with a rush, "but since you've made me blush before all these people when I've really nothing to blush at, I'll tell the whole story."

Whereupon Ira related his April Fool adventure, and how he was going to see the girl to-night, and give her the money that belonged to her.

Mr. Strutt was in ecstasies over this story; it was the most refreshing thing he ever heard, of its kind, really; cucumbers and lettuce and things wouldn't be a circumstance to it; he cracked several brilliant jokes in rapid succession on the subject.

Somehow Mr. Strutt's jokes did not meet with their usual success on this occasion. The majority of the boarders were positively touched with respect for this young man's remarkable verdancy; there was an odor of fresh, natural simplicity about it by no means disagreeable.

After tea that evening Ira went around into —— Street, and found the little boot-black practicing a darkey breakdown in front of the tall tenement house.

"I told Miss Harvey yer was comin'," said the boy; "an' she sayed p'raps yer was her brother. 'S that so?"

"No," said Ira, "I'm not her brother," and he thought again of Mr. Strutt's witticism about "relatives."

Ira Hart had never seen poverty like that which met his gaze on being ushered into the room where Miss Harvey lived; together with her invalid mother, as afterward appeared. There is a much lower depth in New York, but *he* had never seen it. This was bad enough, in all conscience. No carpet on the floor; no curtains to the windows; no picture or ornament, even the cheapest, to relieve the barren aspect of the walls; and all the furniture in the room was a bed, a chair, a table, and a little stove. There was a cupboard which let into the wall, and as the door stood ajar, Ira saw a meagre collection of dishes—half a dozen, perhaps—and cooking utensils. But cleanliness was every where.

The girl had met our hero with a face full of inquiry, and placed the only chair for him, saying in a whisper:

"Please to sit down, Sir, and please don't wake up mother by speaking very loud."

This referred to a thin, white-faced woman who lay asleep on the bed, evidently far gone with consumption.

Ira looked about him with his deepest blush. He felt as if he had no right to look upon this poor girl's dire poverty. It seemed to him almost like looking on her bare feet—a necessary exposure which he had no business to cast his eyes on.

"I—I—didn't know you were so poor," stammered Ira, standing up and tugging at his pocket-book; "here's some money that belongs to you," and he handed her the ten-dollar bill.

"No," said the girl, looking with strange eagerness at the money; "it is some mistake. It does not belong to me."

"Oh, but you don't understand," said Ira. And then he explained what the reader already knows.

"Oh, how can I thank you?" said the girl, taking Ira's hand and pressing it to her lips. "God must have sent you to us. We are in sore need. I keep your gift for mother's sake."

Tears of gratitude filled the girl's blue eyes, and at sight of them Ira's face grew hotter than ever, so that he had to get out his red silk handkerchief and wipe it repeatedly.

"Can I—can I do any thing else for you?" said he. "I should be glad if I could serve you any way."

The girl looked him in the eyes, and gave him a smile so sweet that it thrilled him through and through.

"I thought you would ask me that question," said she. "I don't know why; but I thought you would. Yes; it is possible you can do that for us which will be more to us than even this money, which is so welcome—so welcome! I will tell you our story in a few words."

So Ira sat down and listened.

"We lived in a little village in the western part of the State"—and she named the village—"and had a tolerably comfortable home. My father was a carpenter and joiner—my mother's second husband. He died suddenly about six months ago, leaving us very poor; and, besides, mother's health had declined so fast that she feared for the future. She has a son somewhere in this city—my half-brother. I have never seen him. He left home when I was still a baby. Mother resolved to come down here and find her son. We are perfectly unused to city ways; mother is so innocent of the world that she never realized what a great city this was, and what a place to search in; and of course *I* knew nothing about it. After we got here the appalling truth became apparent. Mother grew worse and worse. We had rented this room and furnished it quite decently; but lately I have had to pawn one thing after another, till this is all we have left. I have earned what I could with my needle, but that is very little. Mother is rapidly sinking, and the future looks very dark unless my half-brother can be found. But I know no more than a child where to look. You are a man, perhaps you could find him."

"I'll try, at any rate," said Ira. "Please to write his name in this little book."

She took the pencil he offered her and wrote as desired. Ira read it, and jumped up out of his chair.

"Gracious!" he cried, but in a suppressed voice; "who'd ha' thought it?"

"What is it?" asked the girl, with flushing face.

"I'll bring him to you this very night," said Ira, putting on his hat and plunging out of the room. "Wait till I come back; 'twon't be long."

He ran as fast as his legs would carry him around to Mrs. M'Packer's, and rushed into the parlor where a party of the boarders were enjoying a quiet game of whist.

"Ah, here's our April fool!" muttered the irrepressible Mr. Strutt, winking to his friends. "Well, Mr. Hart, have you surrendered the intruding greenback, and what did the girl say? I'll bet the cigars, Jenkins, she cracked him on the back and sung out, 'Bully for you, country!' Didn't she, Hart?"

"Well, not exactly," said Ira, forgetting to blush on this occasion. "But she thanked me very heartily on behalf of her sick mother; and she sent word to you, Mr. Strutt, that she'd like to see you."

"Me?" said Strutt, looking up from his cards in astonishment; "you're getting your green worn off fast, Hart. But you can't April-fool me, you know."

"Your mother," said Ira, very solemnly and deliberately, and looking Strutt full in the face, "lies helpless on a bed in that tenement house. Your half-sister, Miss Harvey, is watching over her. Both are suffering in the direst poverty. Will you walk over and see them? If you won't, I invite these ladies and gentlemen to go with me and see Mr. Strutt's relations in his stead."

"Here's some hanged mystery or other!" exclaimed Strutt, pushing back his chair and flinging down his cards; "I'll go and see what it is."

Ira accompanied Mr. Strutt to the door of the room, told Miss Harvey who he was, and then considerately left the three alone.

The result was that the dandy bachelor, who was not at all a bad-hearted fellow, had his mother and sister placed in a situation of comparative comfort the next day.

How this April-fool adventure of Ira's got to Mr. Bandrol's ears in all its details I could easily explain at length if it were worth while. It did get to his ears, at any rate, and a few days after the young man got a note from the Broad Street grocer. This note was placed in Ira's hands by an old gentleman named Gray, also a boarder at Mrs. M'Packer's; and it offered our hero a good situation in the counting-room of Bandrol, Van Wyck, and Bandrol, wholesale dealers in groceries, where he is still at work, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

One of the aforesaid concerned, I promise you, is Miss Agnes Harvey; for Ira has continued the acquaintance with this young woman. What will come of it it is impossible to tell. Agnes is certainly a very nice girl.

MY TEMPTATION.

I was brought up a weaver, as my father was before me. I was a good hand at my trade, and I worked steadily at it. When about twenty-four years of age I married a girl who was also a weaver. She was quiet, amiable, and industrious, and made me an excellent wife. We soon had a family, but as we were in constant and good work we not only contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but lived in comfort and respectability as well. We worked for many years for the same firm, one of the largest in England, doing our work well, and never during the whole time wronging our employers to the value of an ounce of silk.

When I was about thirty-five years of age the head partner sent for me, saying he wanted to speak to me on a matter of great importance. I, of course, presented myself at the office, and shortly afterward was ushered into his room.

"C——," he said, "we have always been much satisfied with your behavior, and now we are going to advance you. The under-foreman in our receiving-room is going to leave us, and you may have his appointment, if you like. Your wages will be thirty-five shillings a week, and your wife can work for us as before."

You may easily believe I was overjoyed at the offer, which I immediately accepted; and two days afterward I entered on my duties. They were very light, and consisted principally in receiving the work brought home by the weavers, examining it to see that it was properly done, and giving out the bobbins for fresh work. Times were now very flourishing with us, and we earned sufficient to give our children a good education. My employers were perfectly satisfied with me, and I worked on soberly and honestly.

After I had been seven years under-foreman, the foreman one day died suddenly; and I was most anxious to know who was to succeed him, as he had been a very good friend to me, and we had worked on very amicably together. My doubts at last terminated in a very satisfactory manner. The head partner sent for me one morning, and told me the firm were so pleased with my steady behavior that they had determined to offer me the situation of foreman, with a salary of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly. I was, naturally, delighted at the intelligence, as I considered my fortune was as good as made. I thanked the head of the firm most gratefully for his kindness, and assured him that every effort should be made on my part to give him satisfaction.

"Of that I am assured, Mr. C——," he said (it was the first time he had called me "Mister," and I was not a little flattered by it); "you can now enter on your duties as soon as you please."

When, in the evening, I told my wife of our good fortune, she was completely overwhelmed by it, and for some time could hardly realize it; but when I told her that the head partner had called me "Mr. C——," she was even more pleased at that than I had been myself.

"And why should you not be called Mr. C——?" she said. "I am sure you would make as good a gentleman as the best of them."

"Fair and softly, my dear," said I. "Let us first feel our feet, and then we will talk of that afterward."

My duties now were not more severe than formerly, but far more responsible; for I was intrusted with considerable sums of money to pay the workmen. I had also an under-foreman to assist me, who was a sharp, clever fellow; and we got on very well together. Once a week my books were audited by the firm, and I was frequently complimented not only on my exactitude, but also, as I was a good penman, on the neat manner in which they were kept.

Although my income was now two hundred a year, it had not increased much in reality, for it had been suggested to me that, now I was in a situation of trust and responsibility, it was hardly just that I should allow my wife to drudge like a common weaver. I, without hesitation, admitted the justice of the remark, but I hardly thought my wife would agree to it: however, I was determined to try her, so I told her when I went home in the evening that I hardly thought it right she should continue at the loom, considering the position in life we were now in. To my great surprise my wife not only made no objection, but positively told me she had already thought so; and she had wished to speak to me on the subject, but did not like, as she was afraid I should think her lazy.

Although my wife had now given up the loom, she was by no means idle. Unlike most weavers' wives, she was an expert needle-woman, and she occupied herself in making the children's dresses. True, she had always done so before, and had had time for the loom as well; but now we were in a more genteel position, the children had to be better dressed, and, of course, a good deal more needlework had to be done: but, as my daughters were now old enough to help their mother, it was no great increase of expense after all.

After I had been a few months in my new position my wife one night said to me, "Our landlord called to-day, and I paid him for the quarter. He talks about increasing our rent. He says you have had the house too cheap for some time past, considering the rate of rents in the neighborhood."

"I shall not pay any more than I do now," I replied, "and it is a shameful thing for him to want it, considering how long I have been his tenant. I would rather look for another house than pay a shilling more than I do at present."

"Well, dear," said my wife, "and I think you are right. Besides, there's another thing strikes me. We are living here with common weavers, and mixing with them, which is not quite right considering the difference in our position. And then the girls are growing up, and they ought to do something better than marry weavers."

I was struck with the justice of my wife's remark, and requested her to look out for another lodging or house, which she promised to do.

The next day when I returned home I found my wife had busied herself in finding a new dwelling for us. She had set her mind on one in the Hoxton Road. It was certainly considerably larger than our own, and much more expensive. We were paying twenty-five pounds a year, and this was forty without taxes. It was, however, far more respectable, my wife said, than the one we were then living in in Fleur de Lis Street, and she had hit upon a plan to make it less expensive than it appeared at first sight. It was to let off the first-floor to some single gentleman who was employed in the city in the daytime, so that in point of fact we should have all the credit for the appearance of the house and not be at any higher rent than we then were.

I complimented my wife on her excellent arrangements; the house was taken, and in a few weeks we were in possession.

But although the rent of the house would not be more than our old one when we had let off the first-floor, and the appearance we should create would be far greater, there was the expense of furnishing to be taken into consideration. This somewhat crippled us for the moment, but my wife said in a short time she would make up the amount by the rent of the rooms.

We found without difficulty a tenant for our first-floor, a young man, clerk in an insurance office. He was a quiet, orderly young fellow enough, paying regularly his rent every week. I now proposed that we should begin economizing the money we had paid for the extra furniture, but my wife objected to do so till later, as she had other expenses to meet at the moment. I inquired what they might be.

"Why, my dear," said my wife, "it is utterly impossible that the girls and I can dress now in the manner we did in Fleur de Lis Street, when we were living among weavers. The people about here are very genteel, and I don't like to dress different from our neighbors. We are now in a good position, and we ought to make a better appearance."

I foolishly admitted her arguments, and we not only put off saving the money for the furniture, but we got somewhat into debt for the purchase of new clothes as well. When my wife had obtained the new dresses for herself and children they certainly looked very well in them, and I was, I admit, very proud of my family; but unfortunately, after the purchase had been made, we did not save the money we had expended on the furniture. We continued to live on quietly enough; but we spent, I am sorry to say, somewhat more than our income, though not to such an extent as to cause us any uneasiness. I, however, was obliged to apply to a loan office for assistance, which I had no difficulty in obtaining; and as I contrived to pay up the interest, the affair gave me very little trouble.

I have told you the commencement of our misfortunes, I will now tell you how our gentility ended. My wife's love of dress increased, and with it our expenditure, but our income remained the same. At last my wife confided to me that the clerk on the first-floor had begun to show great attention to Charlotte, our eldest daughter, and she had every reason to believe it would end in an offer. His family, she said, were very respectable, and it would be an excellent match; and she considered the best thing we could do would be to get acquainted with them. I told her we must be careful what we did. I had no objection to make the acquaintance of the young fellow's family; but at the same time we must be careful not to increase our expenditure, as I had already great difficulty in keeping up the payment of the interest of the money I had borrowed from the loan office.

"My dear," said my wife, "what nonsense you talk! How is it possible we can mix with people in a better position of life than ourselves and spend no more than we do now?"

"How much money should you want?" I inquired.

"I do not exactly know. I must get the girl some new dresses, and we must cut a dash a little. You know, after all," she said, "that if he marries Charlotte, you will not be at the expense of maintaining her; so, in the long-run, it will be no loss to us."

I gave in to her plan, and I applied at the loan office for more money, but to my great annoyance I experienced this time considerable difficulty. However, I got the money at last, and my wife bought Charlotte some new things; and we got intimate with the clerk's family, who appeared very genteel people, and took to us immensely. We visited at each other's houses occasionally, and at last the young fellow proposed for Charlotte.

Every thing, with the exception of my increasing debts, went on flourishingly. On one occasion we went to a dinner-party at the house of the clerk's grandfather, an old solicitor, for the purpose of introducing Charlotte to him. My wife, as we were preparing to leave home, appeared very nervous, and after fidgeting about for some time, said,

"The old gentleman is a very sharp fellow, my dear. Take care you do not let any thing fall that will show that we were at one time only weavers, because he imagines we are far higher folk than you suppose."

"I do not wish to speak about family matters at all," I said; "at any rate, you need not be afraid of me. But what makes you think they believe we are better off than we are?"

"Well, my dear," said my wife, coloring slightly, "I don't know how it occurred, but they all believe you are likely to be taken into the house as a partner."

I was exceedingly angry when I heard this, and I inquired of my wife from what source such an infamous falsehood proceeded?

She replied that she did not know; but implored me so strenuously, and at the same time with so guilty a look on her countenance, that in case it were mentioned I would not contradict it, that I fully perceived it was a piece of boasting of her own. I scolded her severely on the matter, and told her that if it were spoken of, I should certainly contradict it. Fortunately nothing on the subject was mentioned during the evening, and although it was a source of quarrel between me and my wife for some days afterward, the affair at last died away.

We had now to invite the old solicitor and the family to dine with us; but before the day arrived I found my wife had got considerably into debt in the neighborhood, and I was again obliged to apply to the loan office for assistance. The secretary told me they would consider my application, and let me know the result; and in a few days their decision came. It was not only that they refused to advance me any more money, but that when my outstanding bills were due they should certainly press for the full amount.

This news came like a clap of thunder on me. What to do I knew not, or where to find the money. To add to my sorrow, six months' rent was owing on the house, and the landlord was pressing for it. However, I shut my eyes to the circumstance for the moment, resolving that, as soon as the dinner-party should be over, I would turn over a new leaf and insist on far greater economy being practiced in the house.

The day arrived for the dinner-party, for which my wife had made great preparations. Before leaving the house I took the opportunity of requesting her to be as moderate in all this as she could, and was on the point of leaving her, when a knock was heard at the door, and a broker's man entered with a distress warrant for the six months' rent. I was perfectly aghast when he told me his errand; but I was powerless, I had not twenty shillings in the house, and it wanted a month before my next quarter's salary would be due. I had no alternative but to leave him in possession; and with a heavy heart I proceeded to business.

I got on as I best could till the time arrived when I was accustomed to take my dinner. Being to dine at home that day, I went to a neighboring public house to get my lunch. As I was seated at the table, the gloomy aspect of my affairs came before me, and my eyes filled with tears. Ashamed of my low spirits, and seeing the necessity of my rousing myself, I called for a glass of spirits-and-water, although ordinarily a most sober man. As I drank it my courage revived, and I began to think in what way I could retrieve myself. But one way presented itself to my mind, and that was a most rigid retrenchment. This I firmly resolved on practicing, even against any opposition on the part of my wife; but still the disagreeable fact presented itself to my mind, that a broker's man was in possession, and that the same day we were going to give an extravagant dinner-party. Something must be done, but what? To brighten up my thoughts, I called for another glass of spirits-and-water. As I drank it the idea came to my mind that a considerable sum of money was at that moment in my possession, but it was my employers'. Why could I not *borrow* some without their knowing it? If I could pay out the broker's man I should redeem to a certain extent my credit. To-morrow, I argued, I will sell off every thing and replace the amount. The sale of my furniture would be enough for that, and the payment of the money I owed to the loan office as well. The idea then occurred to me that my wife might oppose me, but I silently and solemnly swore that no persuasions of hers should induce me to alter my determination.

I now returned to the house of business. There was a considerable sum in the till, of which I kept the key—more than one hundred and fifty pounds. I took from it, trembling the while like a leaf, the money I required and not a shilling more, and shortly afterward, pleading a violent headache, I returned home and paid out the broker, to the great joy of my wife.

The dinner passed off in a most satisfactory manner, although perhaps it appeared more so to me than it really was from the quantity of wine I was obliged to drink to drown the thought of the action I had committed. The next morning I rose with a severe headache; and my wife was so overcome with her exertions the day before that I left her in bed when I went to business. However, I argued, it mattered but little; the next day would be Sunday, and then I should have ample time and opportunity to express my determination to my wife, for I was fully resolved I would sell every stick of furniture I possessed, and enter some cheap ready-furnished lodgings nearer to the house of business. On the Sunday I told my wife the resolution I had come to, and a terrible scene we had of it. She accused me of gross cruelty and meanness. She told me I might at least have waited till the wedding was over, and then she would have offered no objection. Many times I was on the point of telling her of the desperate action I had committed, for I would not acknowledge to myself it was a dishonest one, although I should have considered it infamous in another. Charlotte at last came to my wife's aid, and her tears quite subdued my courage. As the license for her marriage had already been obtained, I at last gave way; and it was understood between us, that as soon as the marriage came off, which was to take place in a fortnight, my plan would be adopted.

One morning in the next week I received a message from the firm to attend at the City house of business about some alteration in my duties. I immediately suspected there was some change to be made in the manner of paying the weavers, which had already been hinted at once or twice, and that my accounts would be audited on the next Saturday, the last in the month. When I arrived, there was no one in the counting-house, and on the desk was a new blank check-book. The devil prompted me, and I neatly abstracted from it a blank check and put it in my pocket. When I saw the head partner he received me very coolly, and told me that on the next Saturday my books were to be examined, and a new system was to be adopted. I promised every thing should be in readiness, and left him.

I was now desperate, and I resolved on forging my employers' name to a check for one hundred pounds; but when I took the pen in my hand I lost all courage. Still, I argued, it must be done: and I went to the public house, and after drinking two glasses of gin-and-water I had sufficient nerve to commit the forgery.

But now, how was I to get the check cashed? At last I remembered that my daughter's suitor was to call in the evening, and I resolved to make him my tool. When I arrived at home I again applied to the bottle for courage, and as he was leaving the house I told him I should be obliged to him if he would get a check cashed for me at the London and County Bank the next day, and bring me the money in the evening. He readily promised to do so, and kept his word; but unfortunately he was personally acquainted with the cashier, and they had some little conversation together on indifferent subjects. To shorten a sad story, the fraud was detected, and I was tried and found guilty. My employers recommended me to mercy on account of my previous good character, and I was sentenced to only three years' imprisonment. My daughter's marriage was of course broken off, and my wife has since died of a broken heart. Some weavers kindly assisted my children, but the youngest were sent to the work-house and my family broken up. I have paid dearly enough for a couple of years' gentility. When I leave here, God only knows what I shall do; my character is gone, and nobody will employ me.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Robber's Den.—A New York railroad car.

What part of a building would a proud man be likely to avoid?—A basement.

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family in Ireland. "Yes," said a by-stander, "I have seen some of the same family *so high that their feet could not touch the ground.*"

Do the ladies like short or tall men the best?—Why, Hymen of course.

A little boy in an ower good family was rebuked for looking into his spelling-book on a Sunday. Says he: "I don't see why I can't look into the spelling lesson Sundays as well as read the Testament week days.

"Sow and you shall reap." That's so. We sewed our old coat the other day and reaped a lot of tares.

"Take off your hat, man," cried a judge to an Amazon in a riding-dress. "I'm a lady," was the reply. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm not a judge."

The Head and Front of his Offending.—The last Dublin *on dit* is that Stephens is disguised as a lady's maid, and is in the service of a lady at Kingstown. This is rather a descent—from a Head-centre to a hairdresser.

What room in the house reminds you of a troublesome complaint?—The room attic.

"Pride goeth before a fall." It frequently goeth before a waterfall.

A real Scotch Joke.—What's the next wine to Golden Sherry?—Sillery. (*Siller*—eh?)

The Heart's Misgiving.—Eating a meat-pie, and wondering, after a pause, what the contents were composed of.

A Poser.—As a schoolmaster was employed the other day, in Scotland, in his delightful task" of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: "Whaur diz a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

PROVERBIAL EPIGRAM.

Civility, that nothing costs,
Oft paves the way to money;
Flies are attracted less by far
With vinegar than honey.

"Opportunity makes the thief." Not in our case. We found a big anchor and chain cable on the sidewalk the other night, and we didn't touch it; there was nobody about neither.

Why is a boarding-house keeper who fortifies his table with strong butter like a naval officer who has laid his ship alongside another in action?—Because he is prepared to repel boarders.

An Irish musical author, being asked if he had composed any thing lately, replied, "My last work was a composition with my creditors."

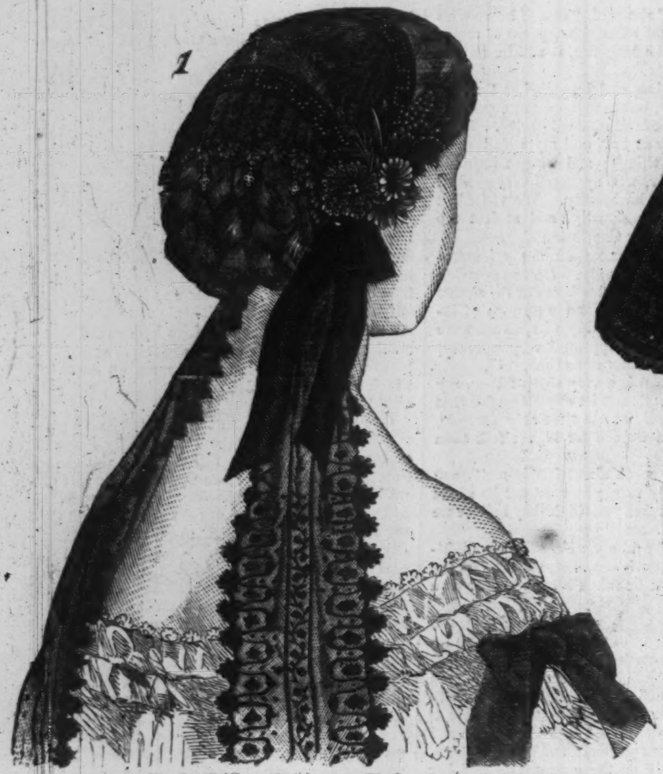


Fig. 1.—Coiffure Clotilde.

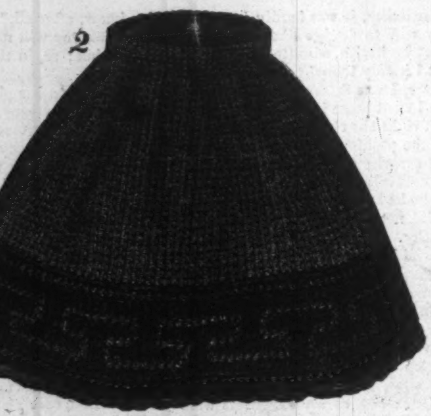


Fig. 2.—Crochet Petticoat for a Child.

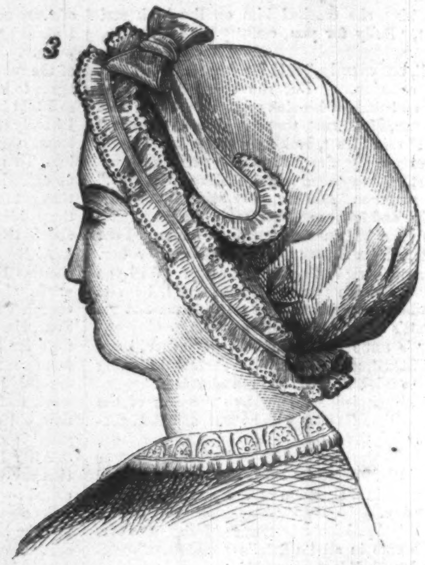


Fig. 3.—Night-cap.

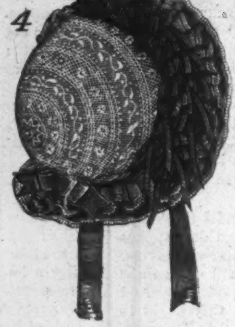


Fig. 4.—Baptismal Cap.

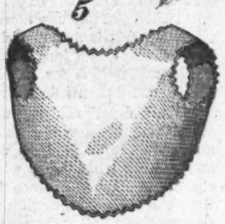


Fig. 5.—Bib *en Pique.*

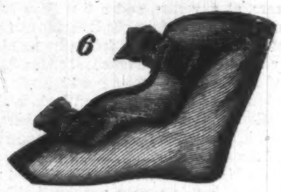
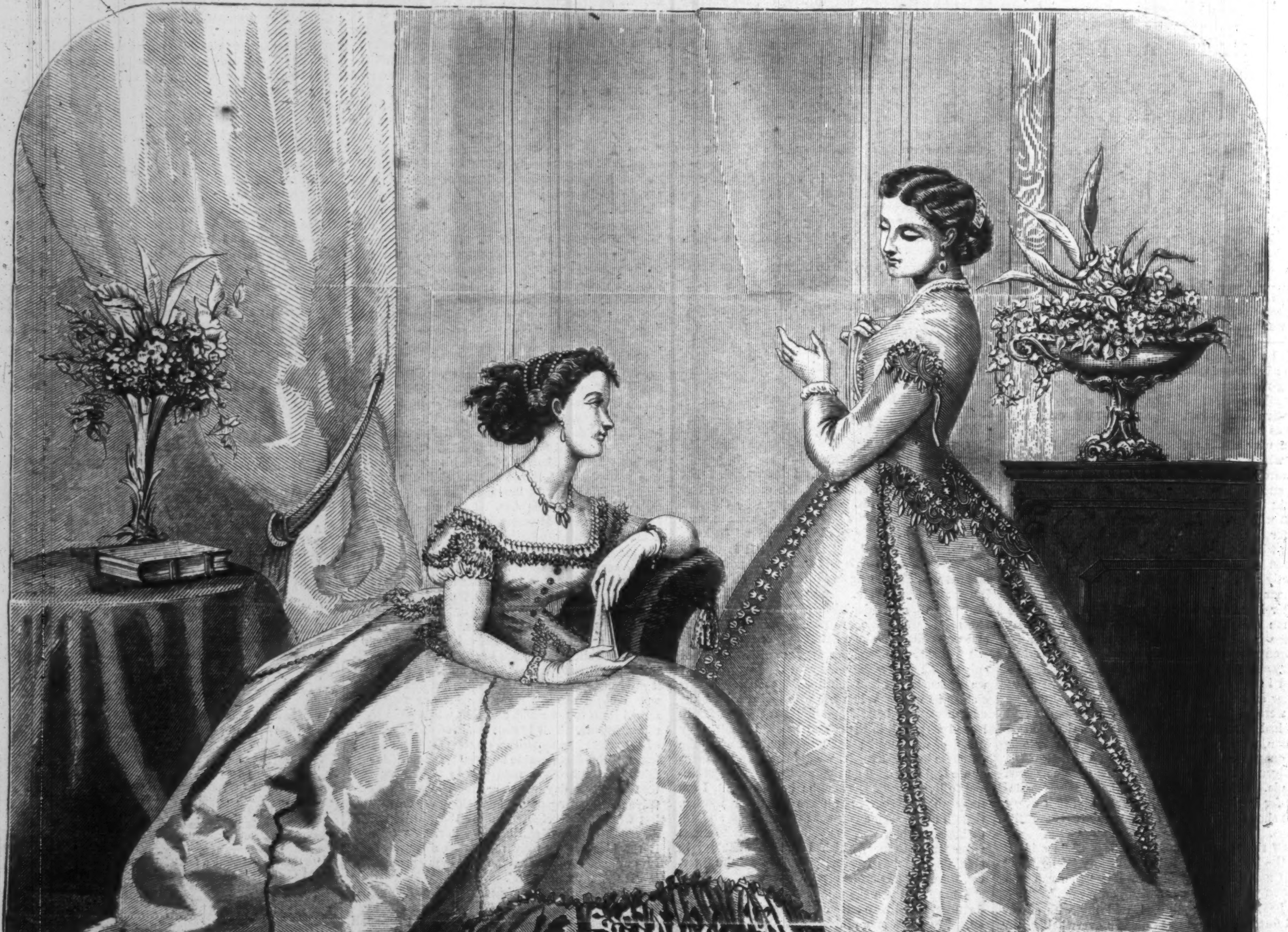


Fig. 6.—Sock for Infant.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 221.]

MARY ANERLEY.

Little Mary Anerley, sitting on the stile,
Why do you blush so red, and why so strangely smile?
Somebody has been with you—somebody, I know,
Left that sunset on your cheek, left you smiling so!

Gentle Mary Anerley, waiting by the wall,
Waiting in the chestnut walk, where the snowy blossoms fall,
Somebody is coming there—somebody, I'm sure,
Knows your eyes are full of love, knows your heart is pure.

Happy Mary Anerley, looking, oh, so fair,
There's a ring upon your hand, and there's myrtle in your hair!
Somebody is with you now—somebody, I see,
Looks into your trusting face very tenderly!

Quiet Mary Forester, sitting by the shore,
Rosy faces at your knee, roses round the door—
Somebody is coming home! Somebody, I know,
Made you sorry when he sail'd: are you sorry *now*?

PARIS FASHIONS.

COIFFURE CLOTILDE.

This head-dress consists of two velvet ribbons, embroidered with clear, white glass beads, and a border of black lace, representing a Grecian pattern, about a quarter of a yard long. The ribbons are supported by a half-circle foundation of wire covered with black silk.

The black lace is slightly gathered, falling over the head, and is ornamented with steel pendants in the star form.

The two pieces of lace are united on each side, and are fastened upon a foundation of about half an inch wide, forming two *barbes*, each half a yard in length. Upon one side is a bow of black velvet ribbon about an inch wide, and a bunch of mixed flowers. The ends of the black velvet ribbon are fastened under the *chignon* by an elastic cord.

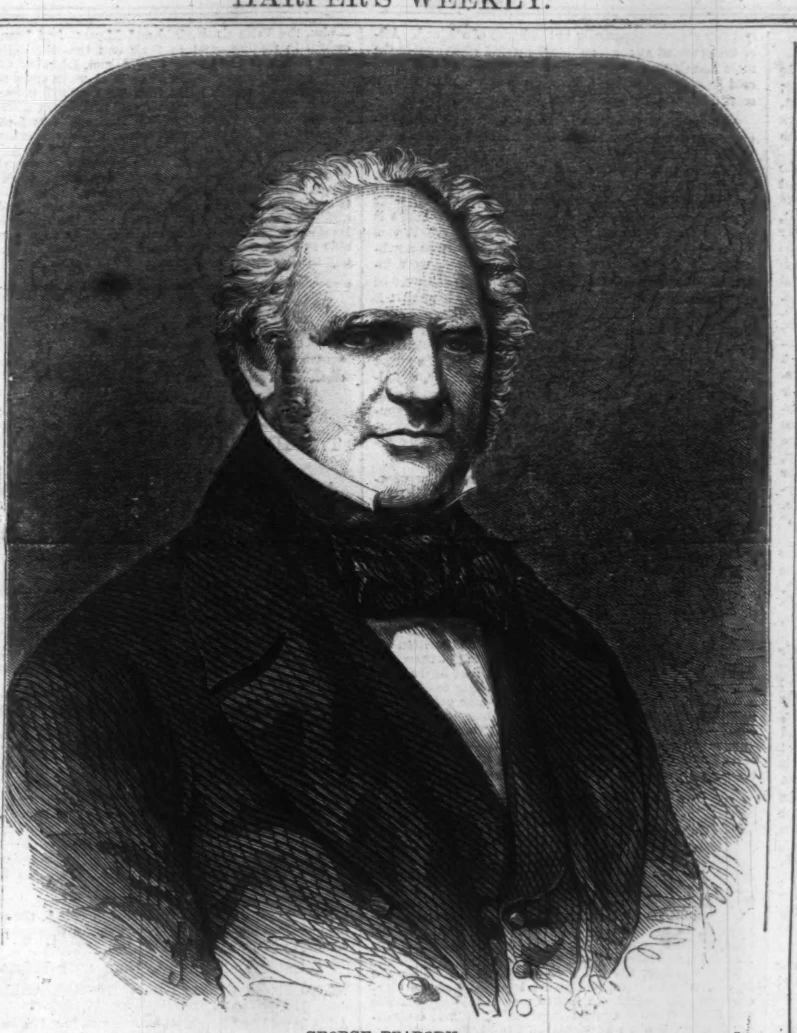
CROCHET PETTICOAT.

[For a child from two to four years old.]

This petticoat is wrought in *tunisien* crochet; the centre of scarlet worsted, and the border of black in design *à la grecque*. The petticoat is commenced on the border by making a chain of 173 stitches of black worsted. The first three rows are made in the *undulating* crochet stitch, which is a variety of the *tunisien*, differing only in the manner of taking up the stitch.

From the fourth to the eleventh row the *tunisien* crochet stitch is used with black worsted. The next three rows are done in the *undulating* crochet. Then the scarlet worsted is taken for the centre of the petticoat, and eleven rows are made in the ordinary *tunisien* crochet. The narrowing is commenced in the second stitch of the twelfth row by uniting two stitches, and in the following row counting these two as one. The narrowing is repeated seven times in each row at intervals of seventeen stitches, and is continued in the same manner every third row—that is, in the fifteenth, eighteenth, twenty-first, twenty-fourth, and twenty-sixth. After the twenty-seventh row, which is the termination of the petticoat, a row of plain stitches is made, and the two opposite sides are sewed together, leaving a space of about four inches.

As a finish to the border a row of scallops is made in scarlet worsted, each scallop being composed of two plain stitches separated by two fancy ones.


GEORGE PEABODY.

NIGHT-CAP.

Fig. 3 serves as a pattern for this cap, which is composed of a crown and a fore part. The crown is cut to a point indicated in the model, and is gathered and sewed to the fore part, which is only a straight band about an inch wide and two-thirds of a yard long, sewed together in the middle to form a point. On each side, about four inches from the middle behind, is a large eyelet hole for a string to pass through.

The gathering of the crown comes altogether behind. The cap strings, which are about an inch wide at first, but increase in width, are trimmed at the ends with a bit of lace. A trimming of fine muslin covers the front, composed of two bands lightly gathered in festoons, and stitched on with a band.

BIB "EN PIQUE."

Cut out the bib whole, according to Fig. 5. Trim with loops or edging on the parts indicated in the pattern. Put on a button, and work a button-hole, as in the pattern, and fasten on each point on the shoulder a bow of ribbon about four inches long.

SOCK FOR INFANT OF SIX MONTHS.

This sock is made of white flannel, bound and ornamented with cherry ribbon. It is cut from a seamless piece of flannel, with a lining of muslin. Bind together with ribbon. Sew the two sides together in the middle behind. Proceed in the same manner with the middle of the upper part from the toe upward. Make a bow of ribbon about an inch wide for the top of the shoe.

PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

The magnificent bounty of an American merchant has bestowed a quarter of a million sterling, equal to one and a quarter millions of dollars, on the poor of London; and the trustees of this fund, since the first installment of £150,000 was placed in their hands, have thought it best employed in the construction of improved dwellings, as described in their lately-published report. The sites for the erection of these buildings are variously situated. Our engraving on page 221 relates to the plot at Islington. This plot measures 47,863 square feet, and cost over $40,000. There are four blocks of buildings, to comprise in all 155 tenements, with ample accommodation for upward of 650 persons. The whole cost of these buildings, exclusive of the sum paid for the land, will amount, when the accounts shall have been closed, to $158,450.

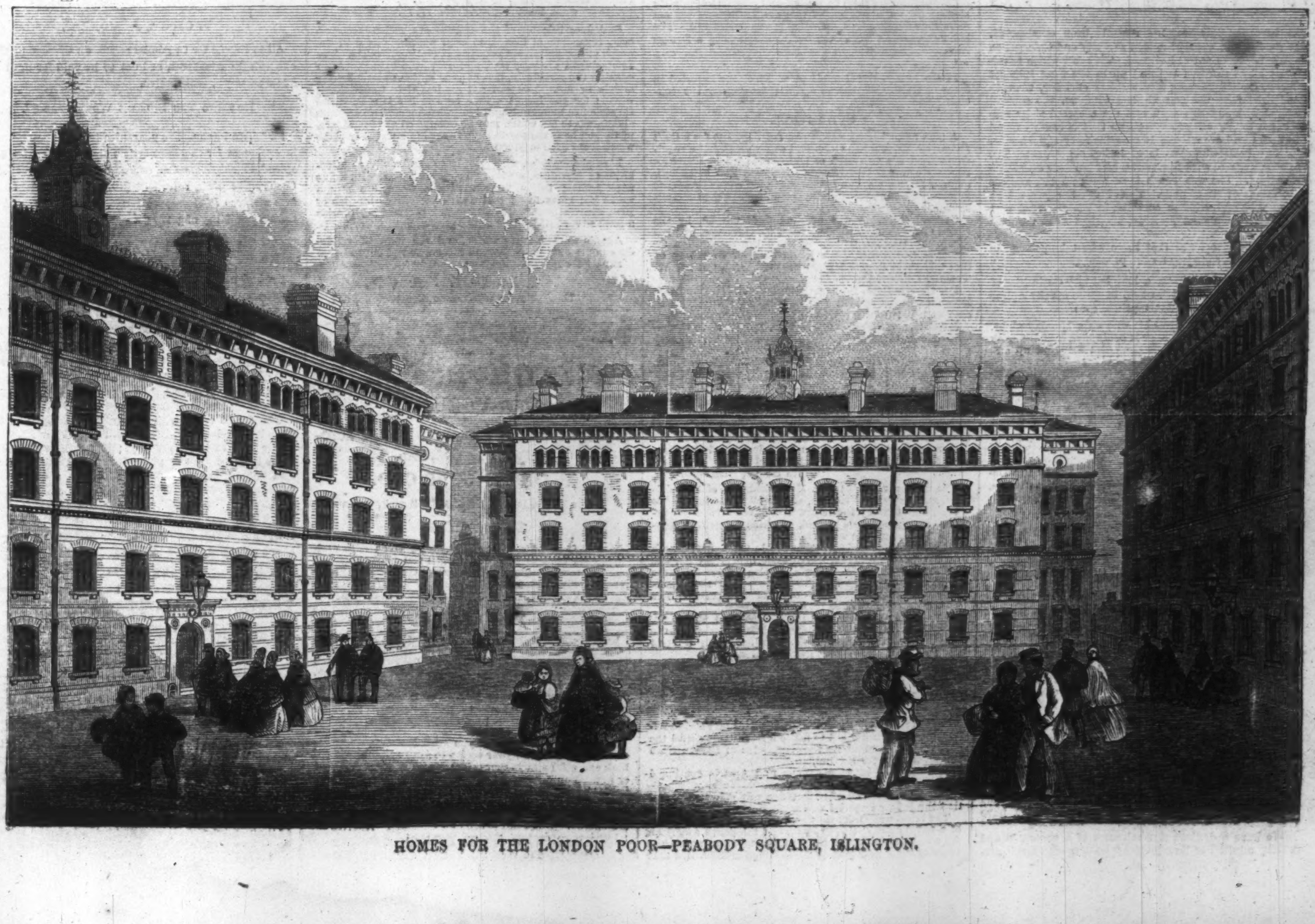
The entire community at Islington now consists of 674 individuals, of whom 19 are widows, the rest married persons and children.

The buildings consist of four blocks of houses, five stories in height, which are let out in tenements of one, two, and three rooms. Each block will afford accommodation for sixty families, or 240 in the aggregate. The rooms are each of them about 9 feet wide and 12 feet long, and of a suitable height. The attic of each block is paved with tiles from the Isle of Wight, and is surmounted by a handsome ornamental turret. There is also accommodation for washing and drying, and at each end of the buildings is a cistern 12 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet deep, capable of containing 1760 gallons of water. Every thing has been done to render the sanitary arrangements complete in every respect.

The principle and organization in each of these extensive structures is the same. Drainage and ventilation have been insured with the utmost possible care; the instant removal of dust and refuse is effected by means of shafts which descend from every corridor to cellars in the basement, whence it is carted away; the passages are all kept clean and lighted with gas without any cost to the tenants; water from cisterns in the roof is distributed by pipes into every tenement, and there are baths free to all. Laundries, with wringing-machines and drying lofts, are at the service of every inmate.

The weekly rent charged for one room is 2*s.* 6*d.*, or about 62½ cents; for two rooms 4*s.*; and for three rooms, 5*s.* As Mr. Peabody directed by his letter, the sole qualification required for a tenant is "an ascertained condition of life such as brings the individual within the description of the poor of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society."

George Peabody, whose gift to the London poor is the most munificent ever made by a private person to a public charity, is the leading American banker in London. He is a native of Danvers, Massachusetts, and about 74 years of age. He became a partner in a leading house in Baltimore, and went to England in 1836.


HOMES FOR THE LONDON POOR—PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PROPHECIES are being fulfilled. Visions are about to be realized. In proof whereof are the facts: Gold is falling; prices of all goods are falling; rents are falling; and last, but not least, the dirty streets and nuisances of New York are falling—into the hands of the Metropolitan Health Board.

The first-mentioned fact is evident from a glance at the daily monetary quotations. The second is more apparent from an inspection of the general market reports, and from the unmistakable public feeling, than from, as yet, a marked increase in the amount of change which any body receives after purchasing a sirloin of beef or a dozen yards of muslin. But the *change* will soon come. It is very easy for dealers to *add* a *few* pennies to the pound on beef, or to tell their customers that cloth has *risen*. But ah! it goes terribly against the grain to allow purchasers *their* turn, and give *them* the advantage of *falling* prices. However, merchants may as well bend gracefully to the coming breeze, which, if rightly met, will not harm. Their past successes should sustain them. Certain it is that even ladies not over prone to sacrifice their longing for new things to any uncertain notions of economy are resolved to postpone replenishing their wardrobes a while longer because "goods are falling." Perhaps there is no incipient economy in this delay. But many, even if they are not restricted in money, have a fancy for getting things "cheap," and are chagrined if they happen to pay more than the market value for an article. And certainly an approximate return to good "old prices" is reasonably a thing to be desired by all.

The large number of houses in the market, both "for sale" and "to let," the actual decrease of rents, and the often unwilling admission of real estate owners, indicate, as a clear-headed speculator said the other day, that "there will be more houses to let the middle of April than now, and at a lower rent."

The prospect of luxuriating in clean streets and pure air looks brighter than ever before. True, only a beginning is as yet made; but that is a thorough beginning. And the cholera may yet be kept out of New York, or meet with a rebuff on its approach which will cripple its power, if only every citizen will do his duty. The way is opened for any responsible person to give information to the Board of Health, regarding any nuisance which comes under his observation, by addressing the Sanitary Superintendent of the Board—office 301 Mott Street—or by entering the complaint at one of the Police Stations, where books for the purpose are to be kept. Of course such information should be given in a clear, definite, and brief statement, accompanied with name and address, so that further inquiries may be made by the Commissioners if needful. If every body would first keep his own premises above reproach, and then report those nuisances that seem to belong to *nobody*—so far as regards the care taken—the result would be most satisfactory.

It is said that "there is neither Cattle Market nor Slaughter Pen in Paris. The great markets are at Poissy, thirteen miles distant, and at Sceaux, five miles away. Within the city limits, though in the suburbs, are five public abattoirs, where all the slaughtering for the town is performed. They are under the control of a Guild of Butchers, who are accountable to the Minister of the Interior, and are consulted when new arrangements are to be made by Government. The most vigilant supervision of police attends them, and no butcher may follow his trade without a license. The slightest detail in the slaughtering or sale of meat falls under the closest police regulation."

In these markets the greatest attention is paid to decency, cleanliness, and to the comfort of the animals. They are carefully fed and watered, and no undue driving, lashing, or terrifying is permitted. "Each day every part of the several slaughter-houses is carefully cleansed. So rigid is the police inspection that no sick animal can be killed, no diseased meat can be sold, and no atom which threatens health is allowed a moment's lodgment in the great area."

What a contrast is this Paris system to the unhealthful and inhuman practices which among us have been so shamelessly public! We could almost wish that a resolute Napoleon had, long ago, enacted certain laws for New York city.

A superb sleeping-car has recently been constructed, designed to run weekly between this city and Chicago, on the New Jersey Central Railroad. This car, which is valued at about $25,000, is fitted up in the most splendid manner, the soft rustling of the silken curtains, the subdued light from the ground-glass windows, the couches covered with superb velvet, and the carpeted aisles rendering it totally unlike any vehicle that is usually found attached to a locomotive. It contains forty-eight berths, besides a bridal-chamber, laboratories, closets, etc. The seats are covered with fine velvet, and the floor with Brussels carpet. The wood-work is of black walnut, and the decorations of silver plate. Each berth is separated by heavy gold and crimson curtains, and is provided with mattresses, linen sheets, pillows, etc., just as in the most fashionable hotel.

It may be mentioned that those who take passage in this car will have to *pay* for the privilege!

An exchange enumerates a long list of "Curiosities of Humanity," some of which would be quite worthy a place in Barnum's Museum. Among these are:

The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behindhand, and "stock down," "My dear, you look tired—let *me* walk up and down with the baby while you rest!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a healthful method of expanding the chest!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies, and don't expect a daily bill of fare like unto a French restaurant!

The man who never saw a collar [illegible]ern that fits *so* much better than his ever did!

Of course, there are feminine as well as masculine "Curiosities" in the list; but we think it more appropriate, considering the "sphere of woman," that they should be only on *private exhibition!*

Some irreverent investigator inquires if the use of the handkerchief is a part of theological training. As an excuse for making this inquiry, he says:

"I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets as they do their sermons, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it over their heads; some clench it in their hands as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets and pulling it out again, with a nervous movement, as if they did not know what use to make of their hands. I went once to hear a popular young preacher, and as much as half of his sermon was made up of pocket-handkerchief, and the most of the other half was gold watch and bits of poetry."

Ministers seem to be privileged to be eccentric. There is a story told of a certain preacher who wound up his sermon one Sunday with the following sentence: "On account of the warmth of the weather and the ripeness of the berries, and because I've to go to Ardivant to dine, I will say no more at this time." And at another time, when he had read his sermon through, he shut the Bible with a clap, remarking, "And now, brethren, I have done."

We have a distinct remembrance of a venerable and worthy minister of New England, who, in his travels, frequently came unexpectedly to the house of a friend. After being seated at the tea-table, he would often say, in the most *nonchalant* manner possible, "I would like some *cold hasty-pudding* and milk for my supper;" or ask for some other article, equally unlikely to be prepared.

At a recent Parisian soirée several American ladies appeared without crinoline. It was remarked of them that, "whereas they formerly resembled in their shape open umbrellas, they now have a good deal the appearance of closed ones. What they sacrificed in breadth, however, they make up in length, and the trains which they wear are so long that the inconvenience of getting about is quite as great as it was in the days of crinoline." A vast quantity of underclothing is said to be necessary as a substitute for the discarded hoops, which, indeed, were invented to remedy this very inconvenience. Whatever be the mode which is destined to prevail, let us hope that it may be confined within moderate bounds. It is more the exaggeration of a fashion than the fashion itself which has hitherto been the subject of complaint and ridicule.

It may be mentioned in this connection that, at a grand reception recently given at the French Academy, a petition was made that the lady guests would dispense with crinoline altogether for that particular evening, the members having in view the accommodation of a larger number of guests with seats; but, sad to relate, very few complied with the request.

It is currently reported that young ladies are now wearing *small bells* attached to their gloves for evening! reminding one, as they tinkle through the merry dance, of the nursery ditty of the old woman—

> "With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
> She shall have music wherever she goes."

What next will fickle fashion bring?

Somebody, who seems to understand the subject, thus discourses upon *too late*:

"It is never too late to do right; as, for instance, a gentleman began to study grammar after he had written for the press ten years. It is never too late to get married; Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, took her first husband at five hundred and eighty. It is never too late to drop any habit; James, the novelist, wrote sixty-nine volumes before he could shake off his 'solitary horseman.' It *is* sometimes too late to 'pop the question;' a man once did so to a 'charming vidder' just as she reached her house after burying her first husband. 'You are too late,' was the reply, '*the clergyman spoke to me at the grave!*'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill reported a joint resolution from the Committee on the District of Columbia, appropriating $25,000 for the relief of destitute negroes in the District, to be expended under the supervision of the Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, which was passed.—The Naval Appropriation bill was passed.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial business of the Government was passed.—A bill to protect military officials and Union citizens against legal action for acts committed during the war was passed—112 to 31.

March 21:

In the Senate, a bill was passed indemnifying the States of Maine and Massachusetts for certain lands ceded under the treaty of 1842 with Great Britain.

In the House, the Railroad bill to facilitate communication between the States was passed—79 to 40.

March 22:

In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single Judicial District was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

In the House, the deficiency bill being taken up, the Senate amendment striking out the proviso that no portrait of any living person shall be placed upon any of the issues of the Treasury Department was debated at some length, and the House refused to concur with the Senate.

March 23:

In the Senate, the New Jersey contested seat was considered, and upon a division Mr. Stockton held his seat, his own vote alone deciding the question.

In the House, the Loan bill was passed—83 to 53—with a proviso that of United States notes not more than ten millions of dollars may be retired and canceled within six months from the passage of this act, and thereafter not more than four millions of dollars in any one month. The bill was passed without the clause sanctioning a foreign loan.

March 26:

In the House, the Committee on Elections reported in favor of W. E. Dodge, and against Brooks, for the contested New York seat.

NEWS ITEMS.

A man named King, arrested a few days ago for a theft recently committed in Ohio, and awaiting in jail a requisition from the Governor of Ohio, confessed to Harris, a recently confined Government detective, that he (King), and not Payne, was the man who attempted to assassinate Secretary Seward. King afterward attempted to commit suicide.

General Burnside was nominated, March 20, by the Union Convention of Rhode Island, for Governor, and has accepted. William Greene received the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, John R. Bartlett for Secretary of State, Horatio Rogers for Attorney-General, Colonel W. Tew for Treasurer.

Dr. Charles Beck, formerly a professor in Harvard College, died at his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on March 19; he was aged 70 years.

Major-General Franklin has been appointed to the responsible and lucrative position of superintendent of Colt's pistol factory.

A German committed suicide in Philadelphia on March 18. In his room was found the following farewell:

"I was a soldier in the Fifteenth New York Heavy Artillery, U. S. A., and I got a disease (palsy) in the service, from the effects of which I was obliged to stop work; in consequence I applied for a pension from the United States Government. Not receiving any support from the Government, this is to inform my friends and acquaintances I have been obliged to kill myself.

"JOHN RABUS, from Gotha."

The chess contest between Mr. Reichhelm, of Philadelphia, and Captain M'Kenzie, of this city, was brought to a close March 20 by the resignation of the former gentleman. Six games were played, of which Captain M'Kenzie won five, and one was drawn.

There was a very destructive fire in Cincinnati March 23. Pike's Opera-house, worth a million of dollars, was laid in ruins. R. W. Carroll & Co., publishers, were among the sufferers. The fire broke out in the Opera-house half an hour after the audience had dispersed. The cause is supposed to have been gas-explosion.

Brevet Major-General Seth Williams died March 23. He was Assistant-Adjutant-General in nearly all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. On General Grant's Staff he was acting Inspector-General.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is stated that the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs has been authorized to make a fresh treaty with the Mexican Government for the completion of the Austrian volunteer corps for Maximilian.

The difficulty between Prussia and Austria continued unsettled and threatening.

In France nothing of importance was going on except that the Prince Imperial was getting over his measles.

The latest news from the South Pacific brings the report of a naval action between Spain and the South American Allies. The portion of the Spanish squadron which had been for some time past at sea looking for the Allied fleet—viz., the *Villa de Madrid* and *Blanca*—had been successful in finding—and to their cost too—the object of their search in the harbor near Ancud, Island of Chiloe. The Spanish ships stood in close to shore in order to feel the depth of water, when they were opened upon by a very heavy battery on shore, armed principally with guns recovered from the lost frigate *Amazonas*, and one of them was hulled seventeen times, while the other, the *Blanca*, received one heavy shot below the water-line, which had to be plugged. The two frigates steamed as close in as they dare and opened fire, although at long range, upon the Peruvian and Chilean ships; but after two hours' work and expending about seven hundred shot and shell, they hauled off, finding that the shore batteries must be first silenced or crippled before they would be able to get inside at the ships there anchored. The next day the two Spanish ships returned to Valparaiso.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IRON CASTINGS
AND
STEAM BOILERS.
THE HINKLEY & WILLIAMS WORKS,
416 Harrison Avenue, Boston,

Are prepared to manufacture common and gun-metal Castings, of from ten pounds to thirty tons weight, made in green sand, dry sand, or loam, as desired; also Flue and Tubular Boilers, and "HINKLEY'S PATENT BOILER," for Locomotive or Stationary Engines, warranted to save a large percentage of fuel over any boiler now in use.

ART NOTICE.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN'S Fine Miniatures from Life, and copied from other pictures. Sittings made by E. T. KELLY & CO., 779 Broadway. Please examine specimens.

Stammering

Cured by Bates' Patent Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d St., N. Y.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, every variety. L. P. TIBBAL, 510 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas.

C. M. DUNN & CO.
(ESTABLISHED 1859),

Managers of the most extensive Gift Sale in the world, immensely successful in nearly 100 cities throughout the country, offer

Greater Inducements than ever before.

250,000 Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Articles of Silverware, &c., worth over $1,000,000,

All to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

Splendid List of Articles.

10	Grand Piano-Fortes	$800 to	$1200
100	Rosewood seven-octave Pianos	400 to	600
250	Gold hunting-cased Watches	75 to	125
250	Ladies' Gold Watches	40 to	75
1,000	Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	20 to	50
200	First-class Sewing Machines	45 to	75
1,000	Cake-Baskets and Ice Pitchers	18 to	30
1,000	Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to	20
3,000	Sets Knives and Forks	10 to	25
5,000	Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons	6 to	15
3,000	Napkin Rings, per pair	6 to	10
4,000	Butter Knives, per pair	6 to	10
10,000	Gold Pens, silver ex. Case & Pencil	5 to	6
10,000	Gold Pens and gold-m'ted Holders	5 to	8
5,000	California Diamond Rings	5 to	10
3,000	Fancy Enameled and Seal Rings	5 to	8
6,000	Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains	5 to	15
10,000	Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	5 to	12
5,000	Drinking Cups and Goblets	5 to	10
10,000	Beautiful Photograph Albums	5 to	10
175,000	Other Articles of Jewelry, Silverware, &c.	5 to	12

Sealed certificates of the articles are well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, to each purchaser of a Photograph of any prominent personage—costing 25 cents. The Photographs are very fine, and worth the money. After opening the certificate, it is at your option to send for the article or not. You can not get less than One Dollar's worth; for the lowest article on our list is a beautiful fifty-picture morocco-bound ivory-ornamented photograph album, worth $5, which may be ordered on any certificate, while you have the possibility of drawing a watch or piano worth from $100 to $1000.

Five photographs, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife as premium, sent for $1; eleven for $2, with a fine napkin-ring; thirty for $5, with a 50-picture album worth $5; sixty-five for $10, with a silver butter-dish or 100-picture album, worth $12; one hundred for $15, with a solid silver full-jeweled hunting-cased watch, worth $25.

Agents wanted every where, and the most liberal inducements ever yet offered to those who will act as such. Send for circulars. Address

C. M. DUNN & CO.,
Headquarters 126 Nassau Street, New York.

$1. BOOKS. $1.

Dollar Gift Book Sale.

100,000 VOLUMES.

Standard Works, Family Bibles, Photograph Albums, &c.,

WORTH $250,000.

All to be SOLD for ONE DOLLAR each, and a

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Worth from 50 cents to $100, to be given with each Book. No Book to be paid for until you know what gift you are to get. The Gifts consist of Gold and Silver Watches, Silverware, Sets of Jewelry, Sleeve-Buttons, Bosom Studs, Chains, &c., &c.

Plan of Sale.

Certificates are prepared, describing each book and naming the gift that will accompany it, with its value. These certificates are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, one to each purchaser of a beautiful Card Photograph of any prominent personage, in itself worth all we charge—25 cents each; or five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred, with premium silver hunting watch, for $15.

On opening the envelope you see what your certificate calls for, and it is at your option to send $1, and take the book and gift (or any other book and gift of the same value), or not. You can not get less than one dollar's worth, for there are *no blanks;* and you may get a Bible or Album, worth $25 to $50, with a gift worth much more.

Agents wanted every where, to whom great inducements are offered. Don't fail to send for circulars. Address

BOWEN & CO., Publishers,
124 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH,
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

		EACH.
100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100	Gold Watches	70 00
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600	Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
1000	Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
3000	Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 10 00
5000	Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000	Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000	Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000	Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000	Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5900	Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000	Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
4000	Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000	Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
31000	Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to ladies and gents to act as such. Fail not to send for circular, which gives special terms, full list, and particulars.

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Sell no Brass or so-called Plated
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Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

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Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c.,

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All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $2.

☞ THE PROOF—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at $10, or a beautiful 50-picture morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6*; and you have a possibility of getting a

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered.

Two for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph; 5 for $1, with a Silver Nut-Pick, worth $1; 11 for $2, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth $2; 17 for $3, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth $3; 30 for $5, with a Gold Pen, Extension Case, worth $6; 65 for $10, with a Gold Double Locket, worth $12; 100 for $15, with a fine Silver Watch, worth $18; 200 for $30, with a Silver Hunting Watch, worth $40.

In all cases, upon receipt of the money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes.

Address CALKINS & CO., Managers,
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TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, No. 381 Pearl Street, New York. He sends it free. Write for it. It has cured thousands.

$200 A MONTH made with STENCIL TOOLS. Don't fail to send for a free catalogue containing full particulars. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

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GREAT DISCOVERY.—DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL is warranted to cure rheumatism, deafness, frosted limbs, piles, and all sores and pains, in from 1 to 2 days. Sold by all druggists, and by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York. Depot, Philadelphia.

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LIFE SYRUP,

COMPOSED OF

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WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

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Constitution Life Syrup
HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (hereditary) DISEASES transmitted from PARENT TO CHILD.

PARALYSIS.

It is so universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-giving Power.

DYSPEPSIA.

INDIGESTION, WEIGHT AT STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER COMPLAINT, WANT OF APPETITE, BAD BREATH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS.

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STRUMA, KING'S EVIL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, ERYSIPELAS, ULCERATION, SALT RHEUM.

This taint (HEREDITARY and ACQUIRED), filling life with untold misery, is, by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

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If there is any disease in which the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is a sovereign, it is in Rheumatism and its kindred affections. The most intense pains are almost instantly alleviated—enormous swellings are reduced. Cases, chronic or vicarious, of twenty or thirty years' standing, have been cured by us.

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Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of MERCURY, removing the Bad Breath, and curing the Weak Joints and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Calomel is sure to produce. It hardens Spongy Gums, and secures the Teeth as firmly as ever.

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Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases,

Either of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Forehead, or Scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

Moth Patches upon the female face, depending upon a diseased action of the Liver, are very unpleasant to the young wife and mother. A few bottles of CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP will correct the secretion, and remove the deposit, which is directly under the skin.

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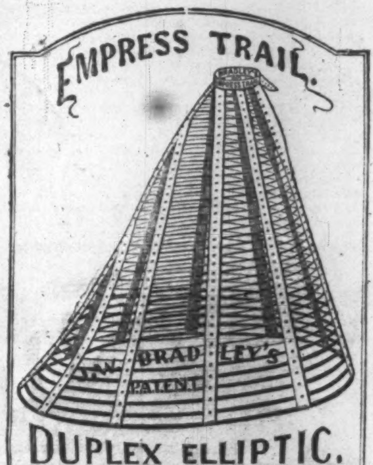
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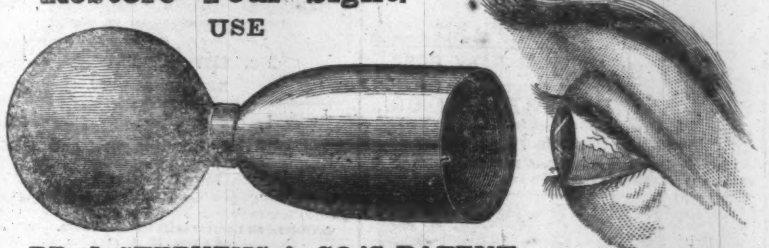

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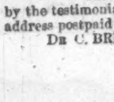

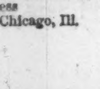

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